# of parsons and profs

OR

WHERE I CAME FROM, WHERE I LANDED,
AND WHAT HIT ME WHEN I GOT THERE

INMAN ("Prof") JOHNSON

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(Being a Partial History of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary)

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I shall here write my thoughts without order, and not, perhaps, in unintentional confusion.

Blaise Pascal

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INMAN ("Prof") JOHNSON

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To
ELIZABETH
and
to my Students
past, present, future

Preface

Not long ago I was the "entertainer" at the annual banquet of the Virginia students. When it came time for me to perform, the master of ceremonies introduced my wife, who was sitting beside me. Then he said, "Mrs. Johnson is an authority on antiques, and now I want to introduce to you her favorite antique." I arose.

Afterward Elizabeth said, "I have an idea for a book. Since you have been around here so long, why not write about 'Life at the Seminary'?" Hence, I began thinking back over the years and writing former students for their memories of the Seminary. When I mentioned the idea to some of my colleagues, they agreed that since it was not to be a scholarly undertaking I should do it.

Little credit is given to the men who wrote these stories, for more than one man recorded all the stories which were not already in my repertory. Few of them were unfamiliar to me; they had only passed into my unconsciousness. Such a crowd of witnesses may attest to the truth and fact of the occurrences. However, I suspect that some incidents, as Shakespeare has said, have been "remembered with advantages."

Life at the Seminary has been downright fun. Seminary students are fun. One evening as we had entertained a group of students at home, our cook, Rosie, said to Mrs. Johnson, "Does the Professor always have as much fun with the students?" Elizabeth replied, "Yes, he is probably the only professor who enjoys making a fool of himself for them." Rosie thereupon said, "Yes, ma'am, the other professors who come out here do seem dignified and intelligent, don't they?" Well, what I am may be a compensation for what I am not; but I enjoy being what I am, compensation or no compensation. My chief worry concerns what I am able to accomplish in the classroom in helping preachers to develop their potential in personality and preaching.

I have taught many preachers and have known all types —from the ambitious to the fearful, from extroverts to introverts, from those with great talent to those with little talent, from those with humble piety to those with great "piosity," from those dedicated to service to those who are self-seeking. I have been enlightened, exhilarated, and disillusioned by preachers. But I love them everyone. I am glad, however, that there are many mansions in heaven. I trust I will not have to live in the same mansion with some preachers I know.

I would like to apologize to all my students because of what I have not done for them; it is probable that I could have done more if I had been tougher. Students do not understand this. However, it is impracticable to expect even ministerial students to learn on their own. They must be needled—physically, intellectually, or spiritually. It may be difficult to live with preachers, but I know I would find it difficult outside their community. To God be the praise for every faithful preacher of the gospel of Jesus.

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1. Why I Am a Baptist

My father was a preacher, my grandfather was a preacher, my great-grandfather was a preacher—Southern Baptist preachers. There is evidence that the first president of the Southern Baptist Convention, W. B. Johnson, fruited from the same family tree. My forebears, both paternal and maternal, have been Baptists. One of my uncles died in the Northwest while a home missionary. Another was one of the first Southern Baptist missionaries to the Argentine. My maternal great-grandfather was known all over north Mississippi as a leader in Baptist Sunday school work.

My paternal grandfather was a pioneer Baptist preacher in Carroll County, west Tennessee. Within the tradition and custom of Baptist preachers on the frontier of that day, he farmed for a living and preached for nothing but the salvation of souls and the edification of the saints. And I suspect that today he would be known as a Hard-Shell Baptist.

My maternal grandfather was a Hard-Shell in his youth, but was converted and rebaptized into the membership of a Missionary Baptist church. As a boy, I visited this grandfather and thought he was going crazy on the subject of religion, for at ten o'clock every weekday morning he would come in from the field, get his Bible, go to an upstairs room, and spend fifteen or twenty minutes reading and praying aloud.

When he moved to town, he kept a pair of little mules and a spring wagon to drive to and from the farm. His Bible made every trip with him. He would tie the reins to the spring seat (the mules knew the way; there's a difference between a team of mules and an automobile) and go down the road reading his book. So intent did he become with the message that one day as he crossed the M & O Railroad tracks, an engine struck the rear of the wagon and gave him a bad spill.

He introduced me to "sacred music" in a buggy behind a small black pacing mare I would drive to church with him. Leaning back, with his long black beard covering his chest and with one foot hanging out of the buggy, he would sing loudly, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there."

My father was born in a log house on a poor farm. As a boy he was playing in the woods near a group of men clearing new ground when he was bitten by a copperhead snake. One of the men yelled to another, saying, "Go to town and get a quart of liquor." My Uncle Dunk yelled still louder, "Quart! Get a gallon. No telling how many of us will be snake-bit."

My father graduated from the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in 1902. In 1920 I graduated. When the Seminary celebrates its centennial in 1959, man and boy I will have been associated with it for forty-five of those one hundred years.

I remember some things about Louisville during my father's student days. New York Hall, the dormitory, had no electricity. The halls were lit by flickering gas jets. The rooms were lit by kerosene lamps and heated by grate fires burning coal. In seeking students, in 1893 Dr. Broadus sent out a circular, which declared that there was no charge for a room, the cost of board being nine dollars per month, but that heat, light, and laundry would be extra depending on how warm he kept his room, how late he sat up studying, and how clean he kept his shirts.

For several years my father had resisted the call to the ministry (even as many do today) while he was teaching school, but finally we arrived in Louisville and settled in an upstairs apartment on the south side of Walnut Street, just east of Preston. At the beginning of the century that was a good residential neighborhood. We were next door to a prominent jeweler on one side and to Frank Fehr, the brewer, on the other. Just across the street were the stables of the brewery. From my first awareness of the world I had loved horses, and I was always at the front window morning and late afternoon when the wagons drawn by huge white and gray horses left or returned to the stable. My first ambition was to be a brewery wagon driver. I didn't know what beer was, but I did know horses. Mules were still pulling trolley cars on Market Street, and at times I even wanted to drive a mule car. Coal was delivered in carts with two big wheels, drawn by two mules in tandem, a bell being on the hames of the front mule. Sometimes it was difficult to hear the bell because of the rumbling of the steel-tired wheels over cobblestones. Negroes drove the outfit, and I frequently wanted to take their place. Thus, you can see that at a very early age I had high ambitions.

There were student churches in those days also. My father's first pastorate was out from Madison, Indiana. He reached the field by going up the Ohio River on a passenger paddle-wheeled steamboat. I can recall going with him on one trip and having my first taste of sauerkraut in a Dutch home. I can even remember the odor of the house. I came back with a pair of Dutch wooden shoes. On one of these trips my father had his overcoat stolen, and when Dr. A. T. Robertson learned of his misfortune, he gave him money to buy a new one. (I fear I have not lived up to the generosity of this faculty member. I signed a note of seventy-five dollars for a student once and worried myself and him half-sick

until he paid it. However, when I closed my accounts, having given private lessons to Seminary students for a good number of years, I found that more than a thousand dollars still was owed to me; but I was glad to have made this contribution to ministerial education.)

Then, through a recommendation by Dr. Carver, my father was called to the pastorate of the Cox's Creek Baptist Church, six miles north of Bardstown in Nelson County, Kentucky. My mother and the children occupied the parsonage, while father spent the weekdays in Louisville at the Seminary. Coming home for the weekends, he would ride the train to Samuels Depot and then ride what we called the "stagecoach" to our pasture gate. This stagecoach was a three-seated surrey with a "fringe on top," drawn usually by three horses and driven by a Mr. Hall who had a deformed hand, I remember. He had a government contract to deliver mail from the railroad depot at Samuels to Fairfield and also carried passengers for a very minimum sum.

The Cox's Creek Church stood on a hill, surrounded by huge oak and hickory trees. The parsonage was at the foot of the hill. It was here that I learned to hunt and fish, that I learned to love the country. When I was six years old, my father gave me a BB gun, with which I annoyed the English sparrows around the house. One night when I was eight, he came home with a single-shot twenty-two rifle. At daybreak the next morning I was prone behind a buckeye tree on top of a bluff overlooking a number of hickory trees. A squirrel started barking. I fired at him, but he just pricked up his ears, listened a moment, and barked again. I was so nervous I could not get the empty shell out of the gun; I had to take my knife. But when the rifle was reloaded, I leaned it against a tree, took aim, fired, and the squirrel dropped. I slid down the bluff, picked him up, and ran all the way home. When I was ten, my father gave me his double-barreled hammer

sixteen-gauge shotgun and told me to go to the orchard and bring back a rabbit. As I walked along the edge of the orchard, a rabbit hopped into the path not more than twenty-five feet from me and sat looking at me. I had the buck fever so bad I could not move. I don't know how long he sat there. Finally, he just loped off up the path, and I never got my gun up.

I went hunting with my father early one morning in the big squirrel woods. I was barefooted, wearing blue overalls, a blue shirt, and a straw hat. Father was immune to poison ivy and climbed over a fence full of it, not thinking of me. I climbed up on top of the fence and sat down. Don't tell me one cannot remember pain.

The creek ran close to the house and was full of sunfish and yellow-bellied catfish. One long stretch of water was both my fishing place and my swimming hole. A sycamore tree leaned over the water, with roots extending into it. Here I would tie my line to a limb, drop the hook and worm in, and go up the creek a little way to swim. Many, many times when I came back, there was a catfish on the hook.

There was a ridge back of the parsonage with many dens made by varments—ground hogs, skunks, and coons. I would run a trap line every morning before going to school. I set steel traps, deadfalls, and a homemade trigger trap. Skunks were numerous, and I wish I had five dollars for every one I have caught and skinned. My dog would have paid me to leave them alone. The average income for a hide was ten cents, but one with only a little white down the back might bring a quarter. Several boys who had caught skunks would arrive at school and gather around the stove. I noticed the teacher's nose go into the air, and I heard her say, "You boys get away from that stove." I caught one mink, for which I received a dollar. Rabbits could be sold at the country store for five cents.

I made my first money thinning corn for a neighbor from sunup to sundown at twenty-five cents a day. Boys today can be thankful for hybrid corn, which does not need thinning. My employer's wife brought lemonade and pies to the field about ten o'clock in the morning and three-thirty in the afternoon. I knew nothing of supervised play, only supervised work.

When I was ten years old, I cultivated seven acres of corn by myself from planting to cutting. I hired myself and my horse out to a neighbor that summer for one dollar a day plowing corn. I was plowing in new ground and ran the point of the plow under a stump and broke the beam. I sat on the stump and cried.

I started to school in a one-room building, one teacher instructing in everything that was taught. The building sat on the edge of a large woods, and I'm grateful to one teacher who in the spring gave me a love for wild flowers. The school session started the first of July and ran to Christmas; then another short session came in the spring before plantingtime.

At recesstime the boys played white man and Indian, the big boys being the Indians; I was among the little boy white men. We fought with everything available—bows and arrows, corncobs, hedge balls, walnuts, and rocks. It is surprising that none of us were seriously hurt. We built a fort of saplings in the woods, with some scrap tin for a roof. In it we had an old stove, on which we cooked eggs, potatoes, apples, corn, and other things—all brought from home except the corn and apples; a cornfield and an apple orchard were close by.

I am grateful for the memories of that one-room country school and the country parsonage. I used to say that every boy should either live on a farm or have a grandfather in the country. However, with the coming of mechanical power farming has changed, and while I still go to the country a

few days to ride my friends' tractors to cultivate corn, cut grain, or bale hay, there is no peace and relaxation in the noise of a tractor. Give me a field of corn ready for laying by —the last plowing, or about two and one-half feet tall—and a riding cultivator behind a pair of big mules. There is no sweeter music than the sound of the shovels in the soil, the squeaking of harness, the creaking of the loose wheels, and the swish of the corn against the mules' legs as they walk. That's music, and I have heard Toscanini in person!

I spent two years in Eminence, Kentucky, where I learned something about saddle horses. There were two stables of fancy show horses in town and one of the finest trainers in the state. The latter gave our young horse some lessons; then I would ride our horse alongside him while he trained another, and he instructed me in putting a horse through the saddle gaits. Ten to twenty of the young people in the summertime rode horses or ponies all over the countryside.

Do you wonder that I still love the country and Baptists?

2. New York Hall

My first introduction to New York Hall as a student came on a warm day in September, 1916. (I had spent the previous night in a day coach of the C & O Railway, coming from Richmond, Virginia.) Mr. Vick, manager of the Hall, assigned me a room on the third floor above the dining room. It was not inviting. The floor was splintery, the walls dirty, a single forty-watt clear light bulb hung from the ceiling; and the room was furnished with a small ancient table covered with carvings of Greek and Hebrew words, a decrepit washstand with a cracked china bowl and pitcher, one straight chair, and an iron bed with sagging springs and a faded mattress. At first I thought Mr. Vick was playing a joke on me, but, upon examining some other rooms, I found they were all about the same; the size of the tables varied, but the dirt was universal.

Truly, I was impressed by the condition of the room, but what happened after I had retired to bed that night made history in my life. I was aroused by things biting and crawling over me. I jumped out of bed, and, having turned on the light, I saw little creatures scurrying for the edges of the sheet; and there were tiny spots of blood on the sheet. This was my first introduction to such "beasties," but not my last experience.

A problem faced me, which I did not solve that night, but

at least I escaped the animals. After shaking the sheet out the window and examining it thoroughly, I spread it on the floor and slept there the best I could, inhaling the odor of floor oil with which every school child was familiar in those days.

The following day veteran students apprised me of a method to escape the beasts. Soak the corners and seams of the mattress with kerosene (DDT came much later), soak a rolled newspaper with oil, set it afire, burn out all the spring coils and places where bugs could hide, and stand the legs of the bed in cans half-filled with kerosene. This plan did not confuse all the animals; some learned to climb the wall, then out on the ceiling, whence they would drop on the bed. More than once I had one to drop on my open book while I was studying. Such occasions did not call for "Quick, the Flit!" but for hand-to-hand fighting.

Some men did not seem to notice the things. One night I went into Bill Decker's room and said, "Bill, do you have bedbugs in your mattress?" He removed a five-cent cigar from his mouth and shouted, "No!" I lifted a corner of his mattress and said, "What do you call these things?" He came from his chair with a rush—*veni, vidi,* but not to *vici,* for he fought them the remainder of the session. ("Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.")

When the Seminary moved to the Beeches—at the suggestion, I believe, of Charles Leek—bricks and stones were taken from New York Hall and a monument erected north of Mullins Hall. I did my best to have a frieze of bedbugs etched around the top, but to no success.

It was hardly reasonable for us to expect much in the way of equipment or food; for the sum total of eleven dollars we received board, room, heat, light, and water. However, for many students even eleven dollars were difficult to obtain. It was unheard of, and, in fact, would have been frowned upon by the faculty, that a student had a job in town other

than on Saturday afternoon or Monday morning (classes met Saturday morning and Monday afternoon). Also, these half-day jobs were scarce. One student had a job in the Standard Restaurant—which served as Student Center for both students and the wayward coffee drinkers of the faculty—where he washed dishes on Saturdays from noon to 11:00 P.M. (There he met a waitress, who refused to marry him because he was a preacher.) The tycoons of the student body were pastors of village or rural churches, even as now. To reach their fields they rode the trains or interurban trolley cars. (There were electric trolley lines to Indianapolis, Shelbyville, Fern Creek, and Okolona.) The trains were known as "locals," stopping at every path and sometimes attaining a speed of 30 mph between stops. Particular trains were known by number, and when the shout would go up in New York Hall, "All out for number ten," a group would gather and march down Broadway to the L & N station at Tenth Street.

The kitchen and dining hall were on the first floor. The odors rising from the kitchen to the upper dormitory rooms were said by many to be derived from "old goat." We were never able to prove it, but it was rather evident that what meat we were served had lived a long time. So-called vegetable soup we had forever with us; it was thin and acid. The biscuits (mentioned hereafter) were white and doughy. The cornbread was hard and made a lethal weapon; one fellow passed out when hit behind the ear with a pone. I developed stomach trouble. When I went to a doctor, he pumped out my stomach and said, "Where in the world do you eat?" I replied, "New York Hall." He said, "Quit, and you will be all right." I quit, and I have been all right ever since.

Ministerial students were expected to be poor in those days, and most of us lived up to all expectations. There were no Gehazis to say to rich deacon Naaman, "A preacher's son

from the hill country has come to study with the prophet Tiglath. Give him, I pray you, silver and raiment." There was a very small fund for student aid in the treasurer's office, but not many laymen responded to the idea. Of course, a country deacon might open the door of his smokehouse and say to his student pastor, "Brother Pastor, do you see that big ham up there? I want you to take it home with you." Never have I heard of a student who, like Elisha, said, "Oh, no, Brother Deacon, I couldn't do that!"

One student who arrived at school with enough money to see him through a session was "aided" by a preacher who sold him stock in a "holding company," promising that interest on the investment would be more than enough to pay his bills. Before Christmas came, the company was bankrupt, and the student was as poor as the rest of us. (Moral: Never buy stock from a preacher or anyone other than a good firm of brokers.)

A familiar figure in New York Hall was Curtis, the one-armed colored janitor. He perennially walked up and down the corridors with a dustpan under his short left arm and a broom in his right hand. Occasionally, where litter was most prominent, he would sweep some into a pile, put the pan down, and put his foot on the pan to steady it, with the result that most of the litter went under the pan. It never disturbed him that he left more than he carried away.

Factories and residences in Louisville burned soft coal for heat, and soot in the downtown section covered everything. Also, the smog was terrific; sometimes we would not see the sun until nearly noon, although it was clear in the Highlands. Dirt and soot came in through your windows to cover everything in the room. There were no screens, and all windows rattled when the wind blew; if you closed the windows and locked the door, soot came in. We breathed soot and ate soot; at the worst, our upper lips would be black every morn-

ing from breathing upon it. The situation is far different now: gas has replaced coal to a large extent, and the city antismoke ordinance is well observed.

The Hall had its odors, but we were nearly suffocated when the wind blew eastward across the nearby tobacco-stemming factories.

Many residents of New York Hall, also Mullins Hall, preached their first sermon in the area near the Haymarket on Jefferson Street, the city's worst slum area at that time. Much of the district is still off limits to military personnel. A group of preachers and musicians went to street corners or the front of a saloon to conduct a service. The inexperienced student spoke first, then a veteran would take over. How many of the students preached their first sermon in front of a saloon I do not know, but it must have been a terrific experience.

J. Howard Williams, having just returned from duty in World War I, was wearing his military uniform, awaiting his civilian clothes from Texas. One evening he agreed to preach the final sermon. A. C. Miller was standing listening to Williams when a stranger drew close alongside him. After listening intently for a few moments, the stranger said to Miller, "Who is that fool?" Miller was too shocked to reply, but presently heard the stranger mutter to himself, "That's a d—— lie," as he started down the street. A drizzle of rain began and concluded the service. Miller and Williams stopped in the shelter of a store doorway. A military policeman came up, and Williams saluted. The MP said, "What have you been doing, Lieutenant?" Williams replied, "I have been preaching." The MP said, "That is not what a man told me; he said you were acting like a crazy person." It took a good bit of explaining to prevent Williams from being taken to the guardhouse.

Bugs were not all that inhabited New York Hall besides stu-

dents. Several nights I noticed a mouse playing on the floor of my room. Having trapped rabbits, coons, skunks, and other varments, I decided to catch the mouse. I set a trap and went to bed, but before I was sound asleep, I heard the trap snap. Turning on the light, I saw I had him. Out the window he went, and the trap was set again. Before I really got to sleep, I threw eight mice out the window.

An obese graduate of Harvard, who had little regard for tidiness or cleanliness, came to the Seminary. To be truthful, no one wanted to sit near him in class. Some of the fellows told him he had to take a bath at least once a week. He refused, saying that the doctor told him not to do so. One night two strong, he-men students caught him and put him under the shower. Stripping off his clothes, they used a scrubbing brush, Old Dutch Cleanser, and Octagon soap on the wayward boy. I had a seat atop the shower partition; I know the scrubbing was well done. (One of the scrubbers is today a college president, the other a state secretary. Names on request.)

John Slaughter and Owen Herring, roommates, were aroused in the wee hours of a morning by heavy banging on their door. Herring opened the door, and a police officer asked, "Is Owen Herring here?" Herring said, "I am Owen Herring." The officer said, "You are under arrest for murder; anything you say will be held against you." To jail he went, riding in a Black Maria. It was a coincidence that the name was correct, but they had the wrong man.

Frank Poole, of blessed memory to all who knew him, a big man with a kind heart, made a shoeshine box from an old crate, bought the equipment needed for shining shoes, and installed it in his room by the door. He put a sign above it: "For the Use of the Poor"; the poor were ever after with him.

A new student arrived at the L & N station and walked to

Norton Hall just in time to enter the first-year Hebrew class. After class he hurried over to New York Hall, where he found his trunk was being unloaded from a truck. He told the truck driver to take his trunk back to the station, and, as he walked out of the building, said to a group of students, "That Hebrew stuff ain't fitten for a Baptist preacher; I'm going home." (Many have been of the same mind but have not left.)

Every student generation heard in the halls at least once the cry, "Fire! Fire!" Enough men would be in on the trick to man all the floors. One night when the cry sounded, an apparition dashed from one of the first-floor rooms, clad in a long, old-fashioned nightgown. He was overtaken at Fifth and Broadway, barefooted and scared half-to-death; he had a necktie in his hand.

A news item accompanied by a picture in a Chicago paper a few years ago reminded me of a student of New York Hall days. He was an Englishman and very eloquent in quoting the Bible. He was called to the church in a bluegrass town. The members were proud of him, saying he could outpreach any minister in town. He courted the rich widow of the community, and the wedding date was set. However, before that day arrived, he had disappeared with the jewels of the widow and a sum of cash. Taking into account the passing of the years, the newspaper picture looked like our former student, the accusation against him was of the same pattern, and both posed as Englishmen.

When I arrived as a student, there were several stories at that time—probably apocryphal, for I heard them charged to different men. It was said that when Dr. Carver was a student, he sparked the idea of putting flypaper or molasses on newspapers at the doors of students, then crying "Fire!" Several times I asked Dr. Carver to verify this; he never denied it but just said, "That must have been the Jones boys."

Another story concerned House Beautiful, the WMU

Training School at the corner of Preston and Broadway. It was said that when Gordon Poteat left his dormitory to visit at the House Beautiful, George Sadler called a taxicab and paid the driver two dollars to deliver Gordon's trunk at the Training School. Gordon had just been seated when the trunk was delivered. He had presence of mind enough to tell the driver to take it back to the man who had sent it and collect the fare. George was out four dollars.

On another occasion a student had presence of mind, but the result was not of like character. House Beautiful was operated with very strict rules. The girls could not bob their hair, and dresses must touch their shoes; they could not ride in an automobile with Seminary students but could ride on the trolley car or walk with preacher boys; they had to be inside the door before ten o'clock on Sunday nights. One hapless man arrived on the steps with his date just as the clock was striking ten. The girl rushed in and slammed the heavy door without even a pleasant "good night." The preacher turned to leave but could not; the tail of his overcoat was caught by the door. He pulled and tugged but to no avail. He was afraid to ring the bell and afraid to slip out of his coat and leave it on the doorstep. He took out his knife, cut his coat, and left a portion inside the door.

At one time relations between the two student bodies became strained. The report was abroad that the Seminary boys were saying that girls came to the Training School only to find preacher-husbands. A Joint Committee of Public Relations was formed, a past president of the Southern Baptist Convention being made chairman. After several meetings the tension eased, but the girls continued to marry Seminary students.

New York Hall was only five blocks from the L & N station, but one incoming student, arriving late in the evening and thinking the dormitory was on the edge of town, asked a

Pullman porter the name of a good hotel in the city. The porter named the Hermitage on Fifth Street, not an entire block from the dormitory. The student took a taxi to the hotel. The next morning he called a cab and told the driver to take him to New York Hall. Afterward the student said he remembered the driver giving him an odd look. He was driven for an hour through residential sections and parks, and when he was deposited at New York Hall the fare was five dollars. It was a week before he learned he had paid that money to go less than a block.

The use of chewing tobacco was not unknown in New York Hall. I asked a tobacco-chewer how he was progressing with his church in Indiana. He replied, "I am not doing much good; those people in Indiana won't let me chew. When I get off the train Saturday, I put my plug in my bag and do not take it out until I board the train Monday. If the Lord wants me to preach, he will have to get me a place where I can chew."

The old gymnasium—donated by Hon. Joshua Levering, as was the present gymnasium—was attended by an ancient Negro janitor, "Doctor Taylor." Fred Brown asked him one day how he should preach to a Negro congregation the following Sunday. The janitor replied, "Well, I'll tell you, Doctor Brown, it's easy. Jes' put de fodder down where dey kin reach it." (This story comes by way of E. L. Ackiss, seminarian around 1910.)

In the fall of 1923 Dick Hall discovered that some new mattresses were being delivered to New York Hall, and he obtained two for the beds in the room which he shared with Walter Binns. Walter asked him to clean up the room, so when Walter came in, Dick said, "I have bought two mattresses at a cost of $3.50 each." Dick had no idea of the cost of a new mattress, and Walter was just as ignorant. He handed over the money with many thanks. Dick then pro-

ceeded to invite two or three fellows along with Walter to go to town for dinner. Dick said they had a hilarious time, especially when Walter tried to kid him about being so generous, for the other men were in on the joke. After the meal, Walter asked Dick if he was not going to buy cigars for the crowd, which he did. On the way back to the Seminary, Dick handed Walter thirty-five cents, explaining that this was the change due him from the mattress deal.

Young preachers are sometimes nervous when they perform their first wedding ceremony, or first baptism, or the first time they serve the Lord's Supper. Greek Leavell had mentioned the fact that he had never performed a wedding ceremony, so Charlie Stevens went to an outside telephone, called Greek, and asked him to perform a wedding ceremony the next day. Greek, Charlie, and John Buchanan had about a half-hour before the ball game, and Greek asked them to let him practice his ceremony on them until time to leave.

In the fall of 1917 I went to the hospital for an appendectomy and asked Jack Porch to go into the operating room with me. He did, but even before the anesthetic had taken effect, his knees became weak, and he went out the door saying, "I can pray just as well out here in the hall."

After the operation I had a pretty little black-haired nurse, who became interested in one of my frequent visitors, Carl Dean. She had been interested in an Army sergeant, but insisted that Dean was much better looking and, also, she did not want to marry a soldier, because he might come back from the war without an arm or without a leg. I said to her, "Carl Dean has a wooden leg. Notice him limp the next time he comes down the hall. Or, better, when he sits on the foot of this bed, stick a pin in his left leg." Carl came in one day and sat on the foot of my bed. The nurse came in, eased up to him, and jabbed a pin into that left leg. Carl jumped. The nurse fled red-faced down the hall.

T. W. Croxton was going out to prospect for a church. I have been reminded that I gave him this advice: "Don't set the hook when they first take it. Let them run with the bait a little. The offer may be better. Above all, when you get back here, don't brag about what you caught."

Rook was a favorite and popular game in New York Hall. C. R. Pittard's room had a large round table which was surrounded by Rook players almost all hours of the day and night. Midnight was usually the deadline, but at times the game continued until morning hours. Whenever a player had to attend class or his conscience made him aware of lessons for the morrow and he gave up his chair, his place would be taken by a kibitzer. It was a little reminiscent of the back rooms of the saloons which I read about. It evidently was a valuable part of the curriculum of the Seminary, for most of those players have made the top bracket in the Convention. In fact, the game has been continued at the conventions until within the past few years. I suppose it was good training in sportsmanship, for no cussing was allowed, and a fellow could not gripe over the hands dealt him.

In one of these Rook sessions someone said that Jake Ledbetter needed taking down a peg or two. Jake was the fellow who went up and down the halls bellowing out in a big bass voice, "Charge your batteries." Pittard said he would take Jake down. The following brief conversation took place:

"Jake, did it ever occur to you that you are stuck-up?"

"Pitt, did it ever occur to you that I have something to be stuck-up about?"

Thus ended the first lesson.

Sometime before 1920 two students arrived at the Seminary—one a conservative, the other a liberal, an M.A. graduate of an eastern university. Throughout the year they argued theology from their favorite standpoints. In the summer they went separate ways. When they returned the next

fall, their positions were reversed. The conservative had become liberal, and the liberal had become conservative. So we listened to the same old arguments, but by different persons.

A scion of a famous family of preachers had returned from World War I and demanded that the Negro janitor in Norton Hall salute him whenever he saw him. One day the janitor failed to salute. The student took out after him. The janitor fled down Fourth Street, the student close behind but unable to catch him. At length the student returned to his room, took out a German luger pistol, a war trophy, and was loading it when it accidentally fired and blew a hole in the baseboard of the room. The noise brought a crowd, which took the gun away from him, despite the student's crying: "Give me that gun! I'm going to kill him!"

J. P. Kirkland went into a student's room to find him packing his books. When asked, the student said he was going home, that he was broke and no church would call him because of lack of experience. Kirkland had a half-time pastorate and $4.09 to his name. He also had a family, but like a flash he said: "That is what I came to see you about. I want you to go out to a church Sunday and supply. They are in need of a pastor." The student said he did not have the money to get out there. Kirk handed him $4.00 for railroad fare. The student gladly agreed to go. Kirk hurried out to the telephone, called his deacon, and said: "I am resigning. Sunday I am sending a student out to preach. I want you to call him." They did, and most of you would recognize this student's name.

The Onion Club of New York Hall prospered in the late teens and the early twenties. Many of the charter members have risen to high places within our Convention—a Convention president, a seminary president and professor, a state secretary. It was the duty of all members to make a sandwich of Limburger cheese, Bermuda onion, and red banana, and,

having duly consumed this, to visit his friends who had been unfortunate enough to have been blackballed by other members of the club. Not infrequently such a visit resulted in loud noises, as the onion-eater was shoved out of a room.

Dr. John M. Price, founder of the School of Religious Education at Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary, had just come out of his doctoral examination in old Norton Hall when Jack Porch and C. O. Johnson came up. C. O. said to Price, "How did you get along in your examination?" Price replied, "It is the most wonderful experience I ever had, showing the relationship between God and man and man and man." His tongue suddenly became thick; he could pronounce no more words. He dropped to the ground in a dead faint. Porch went back to his studies, for he was coming up the next week for his doctoral examination.

Four of us aspiring young singers banded together to form a group which we named the Seminary Quartet. As a matter of fact, we were the only one in existence among the students at that time. Frank Hawkins, Jimmy Baggott, Julius Fishbach, and I were the yodelers. At times F. O. Crimminger substituted for Fishbach at the bottom of the gamut. Crim always seemed to change gears when he went after a really low note. We met in the chapel of New York Hall many an hour, bearing down on "Tho' the angry surges roll" and others which I still hear Seminary quartets sing. It seems that there have been few additions to the male quartet books by Towner, Bilhorn, and Coleman.

When we visited the wards of the General Hospital one Sunday morning, Norman Williamson, who was accompanying us on his violin, said to me as we came out of a ward, "Why were the women laughing?" I said, "Norman, we were singing 'Ye Must Be Born Again' in the maternity ward."

This group went to New Castle, Lebanon Junction, and Campbellsville to give "sacred concerts." At New Castle a

friend said to me, "Your solo was very good, but why did you stand with your feet so wide apart?" At New Castle and Lebanon Junction we were in the "Opera House," and our efforts were greeted with considerable applause. However, in Campbellsville we were in the First Baptist Church, and the people were instructed not to make any noise by clapping their hands, but to give us the old Chautauqua salute by waving their handkerchiefs. We were thankful that a cloud of witnesses appeared after each number.

In the early twenties Nat Parker asked Skil Bolin to supply for him at a little town in Indiana. The town was strung along one street, with the Monon Railroad and the interurban trolley tracks passing through one end of the town and the Baptist church at the other end of the street. Nat told Skil to go to the far end of town to reach the Baptist church. He went up on the interurban, and after considerable walking he came to a church building. He went in, found Sunday school was in session, and took his seat. Looking at his watch, he discovered it was eleven o'clock, and there was no sign of Sunday school concluding. Ten minutes after the hour the general session dismissed, and people began to leave the building. The superintendent came to him, saying that he was glad to have him in their church and to come back next Sunday. Skil said he had come up to preach. The man said, "You must be looking for the Baptist church; this is the Methodist church. You have several blocks yet to go." Skil hurried out and finally arrived at the Baptist church, where he discovered that a good many of the people had given him up and had left. The others went back into the building to listen to him preach.

Skil had only one sermon, which he preached in the morning. After the service he discovered he had to preach that night. A deacon took him home to dinner and talked to him most of the afternoon. Skil was desperate for a sermon, but

finally selected a text and studied for half an hour. That night after ten minutes of preaching he was finished—he could think of nothing else to say; no class lectures in theology would come to mind; he quit.

To get back to Louisville it was necessary to flag down the trolley, the tracks of which were parallel and adjacent to the railroad tracks. He waited several minutes before a large headlight appeared in the distance. He took out a box of matches and began to light them. A fast Monon train slowed to a stop, the conductor appeared at a Pullman door and said, "What's going on out here?" Skil replied, "I want to go to Louisville." As the conductor reached for the signal cord, he yelled, "If you don't quit flagging fast trains, you will go to the penitentiary." The door slammed, the train moved off.

To list the names of those who sojourned in New York Hall would be to list the immortals of later days in the Convention. For almost half a century Southern was the only seminary belonging to Southern Baptists; hence, presidents of the Convention, heads of boards, honored pastors, and seminary presidents developed back trouble on sagging bedsprings in their rooms and stomach trouble in the dining hall. Memory of the building, New York Hall, may not be so sweet, but memories of men who dwelt there are as a sweet incense.

3. The Faculty

One generation goeth, and another generation cometh." How true! There arise those who "knew not Joseph!" It is not given to many men to influence humanity beyond their own generation. However, those who found an institution or spend their lives in its service will influence future generations as long as the institution survives, even though their names be forgotten.

I entered the Seminary when the second generation of teachers was in its prime. The memory of the founders was still sweet within the hearts of these professors, and as students we were indoctrinated in the struggles of those men to give Southern Baptist preachers a theological education. The names of Boyce, Broadus, Manly, and Williams were names of heroes. Even the name of Toy, who resigned because of his theological views, was spoken with reverence. There still rings in my ears the sound as Sampey pronounced these names. It was a great heritage given unto us. We were made to feel that these men had lived and served that we might become "perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

Even though we griped at memorizing the order of the kings of Judah and the long readings in Josephus, we students thought of the second generation of professors as men dedicated to the Seminary and its purpose. A professorship at Southern Seminary was a man's final destiny on earth if

he were fortunate enough to have one offered to him. I do not think Sampey, Robertson, or Carver ever were seriously tempted to leave the Seminary. Despite resignations from the faculty even in my student days, I still feel that no greater responsibility nor higher honor can come to a man than to spend his life at Southern Seminary, investing his mind and heart in the lives of preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ, Son of the living God.

A young man of great talent recently came to talk to me about accepting a place on our faculty. I did not tell him he would be a great asset to the Seminary. I said: "Bill, if you can be happy without political preferment in the Southern Baptist Convention; if you can be happy without a big salary, a wall-to-wall carpeted parsonage, and a doting congregation; if you want your life to have the widest influence possible; if you are interested in students—not only in their intellectual capacities but in their spiritual potential; if you are concerned about the future ministry of your students, by all means accept the offer." To my great joy, he accepted.

Members of the faculty at Southern have had a wide influence in the Southern Baptist Convention. I heard Dr. George W. Truett say more than once that Southern Seminary was the greatest asset of the Convention. We would like to think that this is still true, but with the growth of the Convention and the addition of five seminaries, the influence of any one institution will be limited.

When Southern was the only seminary of Southern Baptists, it was quite natural for the faculty members to receive wide recognition within the Convention, and they played a great part in the making of the policies of the Convention. Men at some time connected with Southern's faculty have been presidents of the Convention twenty-one years *in toto* and preached ten Convention sermons. Beginning with Dr. Sampey in 1935, the presidents of the three existing seminaries

were elected president of the Convention. Then arose a feeling that a seminary president should not again be elected. Also, there are now so many theological professors that it remains only for us to "hoe corn" and teach.

Many of the alumni of Southern have held high places of service in the Convention. Until recently the presidents of all five of our seminaries were Southern men; all have been in my classes. Southern graduates are honored as professors on the faculties of other seminaries, as executive officers of Convention agencies, as missionaries at home and abroad, as pastors of churches, large and small. Seminary students are like setter puppies—you just cannot tell what they will be worth in their years of maturity. It is too easy for a teacher to overlook future greatness in his classes. I remember Syd Stealey and Jim Sullivan in my classes; if I had known one would be the president of a seminary and the other the executive secretary of the Sunday School Board, I might have worked on them a little harder.

This second generation of the Southern Seminary faculty produced some great men; they had the material of greatness to work with. My old voice teacher in Milan, Italy, said, "There are really no great teachers, just great pupils." Of course, you see the fallacy in this as a dogmatic statement, for it is possible for a teacher to retard a great pupil. Southern's professors have had good material to work with and have to their name a job well done.

One of my brothers is professor of thoracic surgery at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. He is engaged in training surgeons. One day recently I asked him if he had difficulty in producing good surgeons. His reply pleased me: "I do not worry about making excellent technical surgeons out of my students. Only top flight prospects attain my classes; they will all be good, some may be better. I worry about putting a heart in my students that they may operate

on persons rather than just perform an operation." I immediately thought of my Seminary teachers—how anxious they were that their students should preach to persons rather than to congregations.

I understand now why alumni returning to the campus say to me, "Prof, you look younger than ever." Twenty years after graduation I returned to my college campus and was greatly shocked by the youthful appearance of my former Greek teacher, Dr. W. A. Harris. When I was in college, he was an old man to me, even as I am an old man to my students. I had somewhat caught up with him in years, even as my students have caught up with me.

So it was that my Seminary teachers grew younger to me as the years passed. I grew older, and they began to take me into a finer fellowship. I felt more at home in Dr. Sampey's presence when he celebrated his eightieth birthday than I did when he was fifty years old. These men caused my knees to tremble in the classroom, but I reached a high appreciation of and respect for them because they were men of great dignity and worth. In fact, in those days we tipped our hats to the professors.

A small student body made it possible for the professors to know many of the students. I was fortunate in that most of them had taught my father and remembered me as a child. I was invited to meals in most of the faculty homes. This meant a great deal to me, and in recent years my wife and I have attempted to have a large number of students in our home. Not all have come for meals—we're not endowed financially—but for dessert and coffee. The largest number in one year was slightly over four hundred. One chap said to my wife, "Mrs. 'Prof,' I really appreciate this opportunity. I've been here three years, and this is the first faculty home I have been in. I love the Seminary more now."

Students often complain that they do not get to know the

faculty; I remind them that they do not know each other. I consider their acquaintance with their fellow students of more value than their knowing the faculty. Coming to the campus for the first time, many men wait for others to speak to them, forgetting that another new student may be as lonesome as they and that each has the responsibility of making a friendship.

One man arrived with his wife the day school opened. For two weeks no one spoke to them, inviting friendship; all were too busy with Hebrew and Greek. They decided they could not bear such coldness and were actually packing the car with their things when the wife fell and broke a leg. In this time of trouble the other students gathered around, and by the time the wife was out of the hospital the man was oriented and had friends enough to make him want to stay.

The measure of a man's mind is not as important to his friends as is the measure of his heart.

Dr. Glenn Frank has said: "Great scholars are numerous. Great teachers are rare. . . . The great teacher is an inspirer. . . . In short, the great teacher is a great man."

Not too long ago someone asked me, "Prof, could Dr. Sampey and Dr. Robertson teach?" My reply was that if they could not they had many fellows fooled. There are numerous men preaching the gospel all over the world who are still under the impression that they were great teachers. They were great men; they were inspirers as well as teachers.

The data in all fields of learning has multiplied tremendously since the day of these men. Also, teaching methods have improved; looking back this can be realized now, but then we knew not the difference. We had an enormous amount of memory work to do, and we griped about it. However, I still hear students gripe about memory work. They don't realize that it is much easier to memorize than it is to think. It is also easier to teach by memorization than by stir-

ring the mind of students. When professors wear themselves down trying to make students think, and they refuse, who can blame them for resorting to memorization? My memory is quick, but paraphrasing the words of the apostle Paul, I remember what I should not and forget what I should remember.

Despite the fact that I had to memorize 150 Hebrew sentences illustrating syntax, Dr. Sampey was a great teacher. Despite the fact that I had to memorize the points of Dr. Bob's syllabus, Dr. Bob was an inspirer. They were dedicated to teaching men who were called of God to preach the gospel. Through all their handling of data available there ran a red thread, colored by the blood of Christ. There was no doubt in our minds that our teachers knew intimately the person of Jesus, and it was evident that they were doing all in their power to inspire us to preach the good news of this lovely and most sacred person.

One had only to listen to Tiglath (Sampey) expound with fervor the messianic prophecies in the Old Testament to know that not only was this Saviour worthy of being followed in our own personal lives, but that also the burden of the Saviour's love for all mankind had been laid upon us. In his later years Dr. Sampey frequently told the story of his conversion. I can see him in the Norton Hall Chapel at the Beeches, with tears running down his cheeks, and hear the tenderness of his voice as he talked about "my Jesus." How often as I listened to him have I thought about the song "'Man of Sorrows,' What a Name."

Who of all that heard it does not remember Dr. Bob's class lecture on the crucifixion? As the time drew near for this lesson, the entire student body became alert, and on that day all students who could crowded into the lecture room, even the graduate students (many cut other classes). The greatest description of the crucifixion was given to me by a Negro

preacher in Buckingham County, Virginia, but the greatest Saviour was described by Dr. Bob in his regular class lecture on the crucifixion. With tears in his eyes, there came an unaccustomed tenderness into his abrupt manner of speech, and we saw the love of Jesus, "my precious Jesus," poured out for all men.

Could Bob and Tiglath teach? They laid upon the hearts of their students the burden of Jesus for sinful men. No one has remembered all the data, but no one has been relieved of that burden until he has done his utmost to show to the people the Saviour, whom these men loved.

4. Dr. Mullins

My earliest recollection of Dr. Mullins dates to my father's graduation night in Norton Hall on Broadway. It was a hot spring evening (8:00 P.M.), and the gaslights gave out more heat than light. I had been brought in from the country, and was a proud owner of a new pair of shoes for the occasion. The shoes proved unfortunate, for I couldn't stand them long and was taken out. However, in the short time I was in the chapel I remember on the platform the tall man with the thick black beard, which I understand he wore then to hide his youth. Later it became a chic grey Vandyke. He was the personification of dignity and aristocracy; his appearance commanded respect. One expected a man such as that to have something to say, and he never failed.

Dr. Mullins, having known my father, took an interest in me from the beginning. In fact, one might say he had several protégés; he liked Kyle Yates for his golf, Harold Tribble for his brains in theology, and me for my singing voice.

In February of 1920 Dr. Mullins had asked me to teach music after a student teacher of the course had dropped from school. Then in the spring he asked if I would be willing to come back the next fall (I was graduating in May) to teach music and elocution. If so, he would pay my expenses for a summer session in Boston. I did not hesitate in accepting. I went to Boston. The Curry School was then well known

among preachers for voice-training as well as for interpretation. And Dr. Mullins was desirous that I teach voice along with any other thing necessary to preaching. He himself had taken private voice lessons in Baltimore and considered such very necessary to weak voices.

Surely my instruction the next year was not very valuable to the students, but I can say some "big" preachers resulted from the year, including Ellis Fuller.

The following summer I went to Italy for study. I wrote Dr. Mullins a description of the way Italians ate spaghetti—the vacuum cleaner system. Later he reminded me more than once of my description, and I have a letter from him in which he seemed to chuckle over it.

A deacon from a West End church asked Dr. R. J. Pirkey to suggest a supply for his pulpit. Pirkey suggested the nephew of Dr. Mullins, also named Mullins. The deacon wanted to know if he was any kin to the Seminary president Mullins. Learning that he was, he said, "If he can't preach any better than the president, we don't want him."

The colored janitor in Norton Hall on Broadway was Dr. Mullins' own personal hired man; at least it seemed so, for he hardly spoke to anyone else, being very upstage with students. However, some student had given him an old cutaway coat and had told him that was the type coat Dr. Broadus wore. He wore it at all times, and it was the only morning coat seen in the hall.

He was never seen to do any work except when Dr. Mullins' class met. He would stand at the door of the classroom, waiting for Dr. Mullins to come out of the president's office. When Dr. Mullins appeared at the door of the classroom, the janitor would be seen busily dusting off the professor's chair. Then he would hold it for the professor to sit down.

Dr. Mullins complained that he did not like the depart-

ment name, "Practical Theology"; it made his Biblical Theology sound so impracticable.

Dr. Mullins once told me that all the exercise he took except for golf was while driving his car. When he pushed down on the clutch or brake, he made it a point to tense the muscles of his legs. Driving a car with automatic clutch, I found my left leg had no exercise; I learned to brake with my left foot. (My wife frequently complains that I give my right foot too much exercise on the accelerator.)

Frequently I played golf with Dr. Mullins at the Audubon Club; however, Kyle Yates was his golf protégé. Dr. Mullins was a pretty good golfer. In driving he would hit the ball and then fall forward a step or two. He frequently showed impatience on the golf course when players ahead held up the game. If the players ahead were women, he showed even more than impatience. I remember him saying, "Women should not be allowed on the course." They were rather rare in those days.

Shortly before his death, when he was already in ill health, he one day showed his impatience with me. I had led the singing at a meeting in the chapel. I forget the exact occasion, but there were a good many visitors present. After the service he asked me why I had not sung a solo. I told him he had not asked me. In a voice showing considerable irritation he said, "I don't always have to ask you, do I? When we have visitors, you must always sing."

However, a great deal of his value to the Convention during those troublesome days of the evolution conflict was due to his ability to control his emotions and even present his most telling arguments with a chuckle. Some called him a diplomat; others accused him of riding the fence. He was not fond of argument for argument's sake, but when there was wood to cut, the chips fell upon anyone too close.

In my student days, and until the death of Dr. Sampey, we

heard much of the "founding fathers." The traditions of their ability, their sacrifice, and their devotion to the theological education of ministers for the Southern Baptist Convention were the subject of every Founders' Day address. The men came alive before us and aroused in us a sense of dedication to the preaching of the gospel.

Dr. Mullins passed on, and it was years before he became the subject for a Founders' Day speech. For one, I do not feel that Dr. Mullins has received credit due him as a seminary president or as an influence in the Convention at a very critical time—that of the evolution controversy. Wade Bryant said he once asked Dr. Mullins what statement he would make on the evolution question. Dr. Mullins replied, "I'll wait to see what Dr. Cody and Dr. R. H. Pitt are going to say." (They were editors of Baptist papers.) He was a unificationist and middle-of-the-road defender. Largely because of his influence, the Convention remained intact, with only a few splinters being sacrificed.

In very recent years I have noted among students a lack of interest in the beginnings and history of the Seminary. Of course, as Shakespeare has said, we "remember with advantages"; thus we put halos on men of the past. Happy is the man who has contemporaries he is willing to entrust with halos. We are inclined to see the Achilles' heel of our contemporaries if we know them well. However, my supply of halos for my contemporaries needs replenishing every student generation. Not only am I encouraged by the dedication to the Lord of my fellow ministers, but often I am amazed. I think I pass out more halos to my former students who are serving the Master happily in small situations than to our "leaders." They do my heart good; I'm one of them. One does not hear much about a private in the army, but he does the work for which a general receives a just reward.

Having digressed, let me say that I have suggested to our

president that every student generation receive indoctrination in the ideals of our forefathers and in the history of the Seminary.

The funeral service for Dr. Mullins in the old Broadway Church sanctuary was a trying experience for me. It was there that I heard Scriptures read which made chills run up and down my spine. Dean McCready of Christ Church Cathedral walked to the stand, opened the big Bible in the middle, and began from memory, "But now is Christ risen from the dead. . . ." I was sitting alone in the choir loft. The quality of the dean's voice, the tremendous confidence of his accents, and the very meaning of his words put a lump in my throat. I well remember saying to myself, "That's the Christ in whom I trust." Every year I use this passage in speech class, and never do I hear a student try to read it but that the echo of the tones spoken so long ago strikes deep into my heart. Nor will I ever use a version other than the King James for that verse.

Dr. Robertson spoke, giving a magnificent tribute to his colleague. However, I remember there was criticism by some because of the statement, "Dr. Mullins swung a heavy axe and let the chips fall where they would."

When it came time for me to sing "O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go," I was more nervous than at any time I ever sang. Before I finished, my throat actually ached. I wonder today how I was able to complete the hymn without breaking down. No one mentioned afterward that I seemed in distress; were they just being polite? (I have sung this hymn at many funerals since, including that of Miss Eliza Broadus.)

I had lost a friend.

Dr. Mullins left to the Seminary an amount of money sufficient to endow the Mullins Lectures on Preaching and a beautiful lot in Cherokee Gardens, valued at $10,000, to be used for a president's home.

5. Tiglath

After Dr. Mullins' death the question of a new Seminary president arose: should Dr. Sampey or should Dr. Robertson be president? It is said that someone asked Dr. Robertson about it, and he replied that Dr. Sampey would make the best president. Dr. Sampey often mentioned this in later years as an illustration of "in honour preferring one another."

Dr. Sampey was my teacher, but I had closer contact with him and best remember him as president. Frequently he talked to me about his experiences, his ideals and ambitions from early boyhood, and his many frustrations. I think the highest tribute I can pay him is to say that he was a victorious Christian. Along with many of us who discover that in our later years the Christian life becomes sweeter and more rewarding, Dr. Sampey maintained a daily personal experience with his Saviour, and he made Him more real to us.

In my student days, when he was pastor of the Forks of Elkhorn Church, I led the singing for a meeting in which he did his own preaching. He gave his widely known sermons on the Epistles of John; I have forgotten what he said, but the effect lingers with me.

Also, I remember that I started out trying to keep up with him in the consumption of country ham. After three days I

gave up the struggle; I was sick-abed for a day. A story is told about his love for country ham. Mrs. Sampey says she does not care for the story particularly but that once she asked him if it could be true. He replied, "It could be."

Staying in a country home, he ate so much ham for supper that his hostess feared he might become ill. She told him she would put the soda box on the kitchen cabinet. He said he had no idea of needing it. In the night his hostess heard him coming downstairs and called about the soda. Dr. Sampey cried: "Soda? Soda? I don't need any soda. I just want some more of that ham."

Dr. Sampey introduced the second Mrs. Sampey to the student body with these words: "Young gentlemen, many, many years ago in a home in which I often visited there was a beautiful little girl whom I grew to be very fond of. In fact, I used to dandle her on my knee. Now I am doing it again."

E. L. Ackiss is responsible for this story: Two graduate students decided to "pull" Dr. Sampey's leg. Meeting him in the corridor, one said, "Good morning, Father Abraham." "Huh, huh, eh, good morning," Tiglath replied. The second student came along and said, "Good morning, Father Jacob." Tiglath stopped and calling back the first student, he said: "I would just like you to know that I am neither Father Abraham nor Father Jacob. I'm just the son of Kish, looking for his father's asses. I seem to have found two of them."

Dr. Sampey often remarked, "There are three ways to kill a preacher: with a woman, with a debt, and with a shotgun; the first two are the deadliest."

In Dr. Sampey's senior Hebrew class a boy had memorized the King James translation of the lesson assignment and used the phrase "Three score years and ten." Tiglath said, "Brother, in Hebrew it is seventy years." The student replied, "Yes, sir, it is seventy years, Doctor, but in the original King James it is 'three score years and ten.'"

A student once asked Dr. Sampey why he claimed that Robert E. Lee was such a great Christian, when he had slain so many men. Tiglath replied, "Certainly he shot soldiers and used the sword on them, but then he would get down on his knees and pray for them when they were dying."

In Jim Wilkinson's day Dr. Sampey frequently attended the gymnasium directed by Louie Warren. Louie was instructing Tiglath on the parallel bars when Tig's hands slipped and he landed on his head, his body hitting the floor with a thud. He stayed down and, looking up at Louie, said, "I'm in terrible pain; I'm paralyzed." Louie said, "Doctor, if you are paralyzed, you would have no pain." Tiglath arose, walked out, and came back no more.

Had Dr. Sampey had his way, I think the entire student body would have enlisted in World War I. Nor was he recommending the chaplaincy particularly. His idea of a soldier was to be a line officer who did some shooting. Many men went overseas with the YMCA units, and some went as chaplains. Tiglath, however, kept holding before us the value of a "fighting soldier." Hence, I went to the Officer Candidate School at Camp Taylor on the outskirts of Louisville as a field artilleryman; from there I graduated a month after the armistice with the rank of second lieutenant.

In Old Testament class one day one discussion led to another, and Dr. Sampey was asked, "If a person needed an operation and had to choose between a very skilled surgeon and atheist or a Baptist surgeon whose skill was mediocre, which should a person choose?" Dr. Sampey quickly replied, "Take the skilled atheist and do your own praying."

Another day Dr. Sampey said, "Brother Jackson, that's where Pharaoh dropped his molasses jug, wasn't it?" Jackson said, "I don't understand you, Doctor." Sampey (looking at the rollbook, which made a note of a man's native state) replied: "Oh, yes, Brother Jackson. I see why you don't un-

derstand. You are from Boston. Maybe you'll understand 'that's where Pharaoh spilled his beans.' "

Dr. Sampey heard one of our Th.D. graduates, who had been out of school three years, talk at a prayer meeting service. He had been able to do supply work only, for no church had called him. After hearing him, Dr. Sampey said: "You never will get a church until you can speak better. Go over and get Prof Johnson to help you." He came to see me. I immediately realized he was intense muscularly as well as mentally and suggested that he get out in the middle of the floor and do the Big Apple (a contemporary dance, about which I had heard). He said, "They'll turn me out of church." I replied: "What difference does it make? You don't have a church." He came in for four lessons, after which I heard nothing from him for three months. Then came a letter, saying, "Dear Prof: After taking four of your lessons, I have a church and a wife." (Bachelors, take note.)

A heated argument arose in faculty meeting one day between Dr. Sampey and Dr. Carver. It became so hot that it was embarrassing to the others of us. Suddenly someone remembered that Dr. Carver had to catch a train, and when reminded of it, Dr. Carver rushed out of the room. The next afternoon Dr. Sampey stopped me at the entrance to his office and said, "Dr. Carver is a wonderful man. He got off the train in Lexington yesterday and sent me a telegram of apology—a wonderful man."

During the 1935 Southern Baptist Convention in Memphis I went into the coffee shop of the William Len Hotel for breakfast. Dr. Sampey was sitting at the counter by himself and invited me to sit by him. Presently he said, "Who will be the next president of the Convention?" I replied, "I think you will be, Doctor." He said, "Oh, no, I am not the man for it." The next morning the Seminary Quartet put on the sketch of Dr. Sampey's life at the alumni breakfast, with over six hun-

dred persons present. This meeting was during the campaign for a fund to establish the Sampey chair at the Seminary. The "boom" began. Dr. Sampey was elected president of the Convention. I had written the sketch and trained the quartet, and several persons told me that the breakfast really elected Dr. Sampey. Incidentally, the price of the breakfast was fifty cents.

An excerpt from *Sampiana*—a sketch given by the Quartet at the alumni breakfast, 1935—is as follows:

SAMPEY: Brother Pinnix, lead us in prayer.

PINNIX: We thank thee, Lord, that we have the privilege of attending this institution. Help us to learn this language of Zion. Bless us and our teacher. Amen.

SAMPEY: Now, brethren, we have a lot of ground to cover this morning, so let's get to it. Brother Coppenger, translate the second chapter of Jonah.

COPPENGER: Yes, sir. Then—Jonah—prayed unto the Lord—his God—out of the—uh—out of the stomach—

SAMPEY: What's that, Brother Coppenger?

COPPENGER: Out of the stomach, sir.

SAMPEY: Stomach? It's no such thing. Belly. Belly. Brother Coppenger, don't be so squeamish; don't be so squeamish. I suppose you would translate the next verse, "the stomach of hell." No, sir. It's the belly of hell—way down, way down. Call a spade a spade, Brother Coppenger, so folks will know what you are talking about. Brother Arnold, what became of the "nun" in that word?

ARNOLD: It dropped out, sir.

SAMPEY: Dropped out, nothing. A Jew might assimilate something, but he would never lose it or give it away. Brother Arnold, what was Jonah's idea of sin?

ARNOLD: Damnable, sir.

SAMPEY: That's the right word—"damnable." Sin is

damnable—the first real answer I've heard today. "Damnable"—that's the word. Tell your folks right straight from the shoulder that sin is damnable. There is no use, either, when you get in sin, of trying to hide it from God. He'll find you even if you are in a whale's belly, and you'll be spewed out right in front of him. Brother Arnold, wake up Brother Pinnix. He can't stay awake when we are talking the language of Judah. That reminds me of that old card-playing senior deacon I had who went to sleep in church. I worked around until I could yell, "Awake thou that sleepest." The old fellow roused up, shook himself, and said right out in meeting, "I dealt last."

PINNIX: Dr. Sampey, what about this higher criticism idea of the Song of Solomon?

SAMPEY: Well, I'm a little on the fence.

ARNOLD: Did you ever notice, Doctor, that a fellow on the fence usually falls off on the wrong side?

SAMPEY: You're too smart, Brother Arnold. What do you say about the nature of God, Brother Pinnix?

PINNIX: It's all right, sir.

SAMPEY: Certainly it is. Can God lie?

PINNIX: No, sir.

SAMPEY: Can we lie?

PINNIX: Yes, sir.

SAMPEY: Could Robert E. Lee lie?

PINNIX: Yes, sir.

SAMPEY: No, sir; no, sir! It's not on record. There was a Christian gentleman, brethren. It is not even on record that he ever told a lie. I am surprised to find a man who would say he could lie. You must be a Yankee, Brother Pinnix.

Lord Halifax, the British ambassador to the United States, was to address our student body. While Dr. Sampey led in

prayer, the ambassador was looking around the old chapel in Norton Hall, paying no attention to Dr. Sampey, it seemed. In the midst of the prayer Dr. Sampey said, "And Lord, bless the king and queen." The ambassador quickly bent his head and clasped his hands in front of him in the liturgical position. Someone asked me how I knew about this, and I said, "I had my eyes on the lord."

W. O. Vaught distinguished himself in athletics at the Seminary by acting as referee for the intramural games. He had a pet whistle and carried it with him at all times, even to a senior Hebrew class. Maxfield Garrott was teaching in the absence of Dr. Yates and Dr. Sampey. Garrott called on W. O. to recite. W. O. did not know the answers, and Garrott sat him down without giving him a grade. Almost immediately Dr. Yates came in the room, having arrived from a state convention. Dr. Yates looked at the roll and said, "Brother Vaught, will you recite?" This rattled W. O. so much that he did not know as much as he had for Garrott. Dr. Yates finally excused him, saying, "We will get you later, Brother Vaught."

Then the unbelievable happened. About five minutes before the class period would be over, Dr. Sampey rushed into the room and said he would take over for the remainder of the period. He looked at the roll and said, "Brother Vaught, please." There was a stir over the room as W. O. rose, trembling. Dr. Sampey also discovered that W. O. was inadequately prepared and sat him down, but gave him a zero for all to see.

W. O. was nervous and began to finger the whistle in his pocket. Presently he pulled it out and, noticing a bit of felt in it, put it to his mouth to blow it out. In his nervousness he blew harder than he intended, and the whistle gave off a loud blast. Dr. Sampey jumped and loudly exclaimed, "Who is that calling time on me, sir?" The class adjourned.

When the Radio Worship Chorus was the only musical organization for men on the campus, it was a custom to give them a banquet at the Brown Hotel at the close of the session, in appreciation of their faithfulness in broadcasting during the year. At one banquet when I tasted the dessert, I looked down the table at Dr. Sampey to see what he was doing with his pie. He was putting it away with relish. I saw him almost smack his lips. When the headwaiter came with the bill, I said, "What's the idea of giving these preachers rum pie?" He hesitated, then said, "Surely, that's not rum pie; that's fig pie." He pulled the menu from his pocket and said again, "That's fig pie." But I saw the writing—it was rum ice cream pie.

A few days later I was present for dinner in Dr. Sampey's home. I was sitting by Mrs. Sampey at one end of the table. After thanks were offered, Mrs. Sampey leaned over and asked in a whisper, "What kind of pie was that we had at the banquet?" Dr. Sampey from the other end of the table broke in: "I don't care what kind of pie it was. It was good all right. It was good all right."

Dr. Sampey said to me in his office: "I have a wonderful faculty, wonderful faculty, but I have to hold them down sometimes. I suppose it is just the humanity in them." My reply was, "Doctor, I don't think it is our humanity which bothers you; I think it is the devil in us."

Some Southwestern graduates were giving Dr. Sampey a tough time, comparing Southern with Southwestern. They told him Southern was a school of cold scholarship, while Southwestern was a school of warm evangelism. They finally put the question, "Is there a graduate of Southern who can compare with a Southwestern graduate in his zeal for evangelism?" Immediately Dr. Sampey replied, "I think I can name such a man—Dr. L. R. Scarborough." (Dr. Scar-

borough, a Southern alumnus, was president of Southwestern and the fountainhead of their evangelistic fervor.)

Sampey asked a student, "What did Nebuchadnezzar get when he sacked Jerusalem?" The student replied, "He got scared."

With others, I was scared of Dr. Sampey in class, but I greatly enjoyed his presence in later years. He and Mrs. Sampey were wonderful hosts, and a visit to their home was looked forward to and remembered.

6. Dr. Bob

Dr. Archibald T. Robertson, professor of New Testament (English and Greek versions), was greatly beloved, admired, and respected by most of his students after they had concluded with his courses. In classes they greatly feared him, for no student knew what embarrassment was in store for him during a recitation. Dr. Bob—as he was affectionately known—could be, and often was, extremely sarcastic; he said he was "called" to "take the starch out of young preachers." Yet he had a tender and sympathetic heart for the student who was doing his best. The following stories will show both sides of his classroom deportment.

It was dangerous for a student who was not prepared for recitation to try to stall for Dr. Bob. However, Clarence "Jerdan" got off very lightly when Dr. Robertson asked him about the Koine—what it was, etc. When Bob asked, "What language did the cultured people speak, Brother Jerdan?" Clarence replied, "Did you say colored people, Dr. Robertson?" For once Dr. Bob was seized with a fit of laughing and sat Clarence down without further ado.

In the school session of 1933–34 Dr. Bob's class in New Testament had come in the course of the "silly-bus" to the Sermon on the Mount. At the beginning of the period Dr. Bob called on a student to stand and tell in order what happened. The student stood and said, "He went up into a mountain,"

and hesitated. Dr. Bob said, "Yes?" "And sat down." "Yes, yes?" "And taught them." Dr. Robertson exploded, "No, sir! Sit down!" A king-sized egg went into the record. Two more students gave the same sequence, and the fourth man said, "He went up into the mountain." Dr. Bob finally said, "We've heard that before." The student continued, "And sat down." "Well, yes." "And OPENED HIS MOUTH." Bob shouted at the top of his voice: "Yes, sir. Yes, sir. Sit down, brother. You got a ten."

One day Bob called on Charlie Bell for a recitation on the interbiblical period of the New Testament course. Charlie was not too well prepared on that day's lesson and had not studied the previous day's lesson at all; and, as luck would have it, the question came from the previous day's lesson. Charlie looked at the floor, then up at the ceiling. Dr. Bob waited impatiently and then finally said: "Brother, look up in the northeast corner; if you can't find it there, you haven't got it. That will be all, Brother Bell." And he broke his pencil making a zero for the whole class to see.

Bob came up with a question one morning which did not concern the lesson assignment. After one or two students had failed to give any light on the subject, he asked, "Does anybody know anything about it?" No one volunteered. Bob then said, "Well, let's discuss it."

Frequently I have heard him give this advice, "Young gentlemen, take a good text, repeat it often enough that the people will remember it, and it will be worthwhile for them to have been there, no matter how much you mess up the text."

Dr. Bob is quoted as saying: "That's my text, brethren. I want you to remember it, for I'm going to jump off it and never come back."

The oft-told story of Dr. Bob and the thermometer is not apocryphal; every student generation saw it happen at least once. There has been no indication that he ever knew he was

being put upon. On a cold morning a student would take the thermometer and hold it out the window until a sentinel announced the professor's approach, when it was hastily restored to its nail on the wall. Dr. Bob always looked at the thermometer, and when he saw the mercury down to fifty degrees, he would let out a snort, dismiss the class, and, muttering to himself, would go look for the janitor. Bob often said he never knew a janitor with enough sense to fire a furnace.

Dr. Bob took great delight in confusing students while they were reciting in his classes. In my class he had a chap so frustrated that when Dr. Bob said, "Brother, you don't know your own name, do you?" the student replied, "No, sir." Another student became so confused that in reply to the question "Who was the first man?" he said, "I don't know, sir."

Despite his avowed "calling" to "take the starch out of young preachers," Dr. Bob frequently showed the greatness of his heart when he knew a student was doing the best he could. One day he said to a student, "Brother, you haven't studied your lesson, have you?"

"No, sir."

"Why haven't you studied the lesson?"

"I was working."

"Brother, don't you know you are not supposed to work? You are supposed to study. You don't seem to know the answers to simple questions. How long have you been a Christian?"

"Three months, sir."

"Three months! And already in the Seminary?"

"Yes, sir. When I was converted, the Lord called me to preach, and I'm doing the best I can."

Bob looked long and hard at him; then an expression of compassion came over his face. He left the platform, walked

to the student, grasped him by the hand, and said, "Sir, I apologize."

Another time Dr. Bob embarrassed the class with his caustic remarks to a student who was unprepared and had failed to put an excuse on the desk. It was known to the class that the student had sat all night with a sick person across the river and had arrived on the campus just in time to enter the classroom as Bob was completing the roll call. The student had written out an excuse, but was too embarrassed to walk up to the desk before the class. Bob was so rough that the student broke down in tears and rushed from the room. Later some class members began circulating a petition to Dr. Bob, demanding that he apologize. Before the petition was presented, a student forewarned Bob that the petition was coming and explained why the student had been unprepared. At the next class period Bob did apologize, but after sympathizing with him for sitting with his sick friend, he ended his apology thus: "You should have put your excuse up here anyway."

Dr. Robertson performed the wedding ceremony for Ed Pruden in Broadway Church, assisted by Dr. Hansford Johnson. Bob was reading the ceremony, and when he came to the line "Do you, ———, take this man for your lawful husband?" he used the name "Eleanor." Ed said hurriedly and *sotto voce,* "That's not her name, Doctor; her name is ———." Thereupon Dr. Bob examined his manuscript and said in a voice heard by all the audience, "Oh, yes, that's right; the last time I used this ceremony I married my daughter Eleanor."

Ed Pruden also reports that he was on a Pullman with Dr. Bob on a Sunday. He saw Bob look at his watch and heard him say, "Well, it's Sunday, eleven o'clock—time to take a nap." He pulled his skullcap down over his eyes and went to sleep.

Bob asked student Fidler to recite: "Well, Brother Fidler from Virginia, let's hear you play your tune."

Herschel Hobbs answered one of Dr. Bob's questions directly and authoritatively. Bob contradicted the answer and went off on a long speech as to why he did not agree. Eventually he stopped, and Herschel said, "Dr. Robertson, I was quoting from one of your books." Bob said, "I've changed my mind since I wrote that book."

Ed Richardson was asked by Dr. Bob, "Hasn't your mother often switched you and sent you upstairs to bed?"

"No, sir."

"What's the matter, Brother Richardson, haven't you a mother?"

"Yes, sir, but we did not have an upstairs."

Dr. Bob said, "Pay your bills, brethren; it pays to be honest even if you are a preacher."

During his student days C. L. Nicely was secretary for Dr. Robertson, typing several of his books. Nicely was being paid ten cents per page and was leaving wide margins. Dr. Bob noticed this and said to him, "Brother Nicely, I'm paying you well; write out to the edge of the page."

Dr. Bob said to a student who had not studied his lesson, "Brother, if you don't want to study here, there is another seminary."

W. R. Hamilton felt assured that he was exempt from all final examinations with the exception of senior Greek. Dr. Bob had had him scared all the year, and W. R. knew he had not done his best. Two weeks before the finals he began boning on the Greek parallel reading assignment, necessary to completion of the course. Two days before the exam W. R. went to Dr. Bob's office to report that he had completed the parallel reading.

"Have you signed a pledge?"

"No, sir."

Bob reached into his wastebasket and brought out a used envelope, saying, "Sign this." When W. R. had written out his pledge of honest work, Bob said, "You are now exempt from the examination."

"Are you certain, sir? I did not think I knew that much Greek."

"Well, you can take the examination if you want to test your knowledge."

"I don't have to take it, do I?"

"No."

"I don't believe I will."

While students taking Dr. Bob's examinations were admonished over and over to sign a pledge of honest work, Dr. Bob never failed to patrol the aisles, looking for wayward sinners. He put great faith in the student's signature of the pledge, but I suppose wanted to make it easier for the student to sign it.

Dr. Bob used to say that you could prove anything by the Scriptures. For instance, Judas "went and hanged himself. Go, and do thou likewise," and "That thou doest, do quickly."

Who can forget Dr. Bob's description of Rabbis "Smell-Fungus" and "Sniggle-Fritz" parading the streets of Jerusalem, looking for Jesus?

J. J. Hurt recalls this incident: "In the large New Testament class Dr. Bob fired a series of questions at a fellow who answered poorly and with a drawl which suggested his habitation and upbringing. Bob sat him down and paid his disrespects to men who provide themselves with notable advantages and yet do not day by day study to show themselves approved unto God and to those who had been appointed to teach them.

"No sooner had the philippic ended than the brother was on his feet. 'I ain't had the advantages you must have had,' said he, 'but I come here to get all the learning I can to take

back with me to help my people, and you ain't got no right to talk like that when I'm doing the best I can.'

"Bob was down off the platform immediately, holding out his hand to the brother who was doing his best, and apologizing faster than he could coin words to express his feelings. To me he never loomed larger than when bending low to apologize publicly to one of his students, for apologizing then was no more fashionable than it is now."

A student six feet six inches tall could not answer one of Bob's questions. "Brother, why don't you know the answer?" "I have just come in from my country church." "You were in class last Friday, weren't you? This is last Friday's lesson." Bob, with a grand flourish, and for all to see, recorded a zero and said, "Brother, I think it is terrible for a fellow who stands so 'high' in the Baptist ministry not to be able to answer this question."

Though born in Virginia, Dr. Bob liked to rib Virginia students with such phrases as "great theologians from Virginia" or "how are the FFVs this morning?" Frequently, he tried to catch a Virginian off-base by calling on him to recite on consecutive days, the general rule being that a man recited only once a quarter. Thus, if a man was called on early in the quarter, he could loaf the remainder of the term. One morning Bob called on a Virginian, asking him to name the two heresies mentioned in Colossians. The student could not give them. Bob made a zero and muttered to himself, "Let me find another Virginian." This Virginian could not answer. Bob then began to scan the roll, turning the pages, until he said, "Brother ———, from 'Kanetucky,' do you know the answer to my question?" The Kentuckian said, "I do, sir." "Well, don't stand there; let me have them." When the student had named the first, Bob wrote a ten in his book and said, "Sit down, brother." Then turning to the Virginians, with scorn in his voice he said, "Just think, there is a man who

has already recited this term, and he knew his lesson—a man from 'Kanetucky' at that—when you doctors from old Virginia didn't even know what we were talking about."

On another occasion: "Brother Jones, what is the outline for the lesson this morning?" "Dr. Robertson, I disremember." "Brother Jones, see if you can undisremember."

Dr. Bob was quizzing a tall, lanky student from South Dakota as to whether the feast recorded in John 5:1 was a Feast of the Passover. The student replied that he did not know, and then Dr. Bob asked if he had forgotten. Instantly the student said, Yes, he had forgotten. Dr. Robertson in his usual sarcastic way said, "Now isn't that a shame? You are the only person who knew whether that was a Feast of the Passover, and now you have forgotten it, and the world of New Testament scholarship will have to get along the best way it can, simply because of your forgetfulness."

This story was already old when I arrived at the Seminary. It is said that Dr. Robertson embarrassed a student in class, and the student went into Dr. Bob's office after class with the avowed and express purpose of beating him up. When Dr. Robertson saw the blood and fire in the eyes of the man, he immediately said, "Let us pray," and dropped to his knees. It is said the student changed his mind and backed out during the prayer.

In my class in New Testament I had a fellow collegian by the name of Nathaniel Toombs. At the very first meeting of the class L. L. Carpenter, the fellow for Dr. Robertson, had come in and called the roll. As soon as the roll call was finished, Dr. Robertson, who must have been waiting outside, rushed into the room and onto the platform, took a cough drop out of his mouth and put it in his pocket. With his right hand he reached over the top of his head and pulled his left ear, took the cough drop out of his pocket and put it back into his mouth. He took a pencil, tapped it up and down on

the desk a few times, and laid it down. He then began to run his forefinger, grimy with Louisville soot, down the list of names. Presently a dry grin came over his face, and he said, "Mr. Toombs of Virginia." Nat stood up, shaking. Dr. Bob looked at him for several seconds and then said: "We will begin at the graveyard. I don't know where we will come out."

Charles Leek was supplying at Crescent Hill Church for Dr. Charles Graham one Sunday evening when he noticed Dr. A. T. Robertson, a member of Fourth Avenue Church, in the congregation. Charles preached on the rich young ruler, a subject which he thought would not accommodate itself to the traditional three points; so Charles had five. After the service many people spoke to Charles about his sermon, but he kept looking for Dr. Bob. As he was leaving the church, Dr. Bob stopped him in the foyer and said: "Leek, I thought I would wait here, since I knew there would be many to speak to you down front. You know I like sermons with a lot of points."

Dr. Robertson was never present when I spoke in chapel, but afterward he would come to me, put his arm around me, and say, "Boy, you can preach, can't you?"

Dr. Bob was the self-appointed angel, not only of a young preacher's mind but of his body as well. He would give the opening prayer in a class period and, with absolutely no pause after the amen, he would say, "Brother, pull down that window." He warned the boys from the deep South that Louisville weather was often cold and severe, and germs were very real to him. The first meeting of his class in English New Testament he would give a health prescription, saying: "If you feel the sniffles coming on, brethren, or that you are developing a sore throat, stay in your room. If you have to sneeze or cough, cover your mouth with a handkerchief." One day, just as he had said these words, a first-year student,

before he could grab his handkerchief, gave a terrific sneeze. Dr. Bob pulled his glasses down to look at him. The student picked up his books and hurried out of the room.

A student who did not have "regular work" on Sunday said to Dr. Bob, "What shall I do with my week end?" Quick as a flash Bob replied, "Put your hat on it."

Dr. Robertson asked in class, "Mr. Parker, when was Jesus born?"

"December 25, I reckon."

Dr. Bob gave one of his most effective snorts and said, "Does Matthew say that?"

"No, sir."

"Does Mark say that?"

"No, sir."

"Does Luke say that?"

"No, sir."

"Does John say that?"

"No, sir."

"Well, where did you get that information?"

"From the almanac."

Dr. Robertson snorted even more effectively and almost yelled, "Matthew doesn't say it, Mark doesn't say it, Luke doesn't say it, John doesn't say it, but thank God for the almanac."

Another instance: "Brother Eddleman, are you chewing gum?" "Yes, sir." Dr. Robertson gave a loud snort and said: "While the whole class watches, you march over to that window and spit it out. Let this be a lesson to you and the last time you ever try such a thing in my class."

It is reported that Dr. L. O. Dawson, when pastor in Alabama, paid a visit to Dr. Robertson's office. When he knocked on the door, a voice said, "Come in." Dr. Dawson went in and stood until Dr. Bob finally looked up. Bob said: "Hello, Dr. Dawson. How are things in Alabama? How

long will you be here? It's good to see you." He went back to his writing. Dr. Dawson turned and left the room, having uttered no word.

On a Saturday morning in late September Dr. Robertson noted that every single student who had signed up for the class was present. He was so astounded that he remarked, "This will never happen again except in heaven." He passed away two days later.

At the funeral service for Dr. Robertson I sang the hymn "O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth." It was his favorite hymn, and the title itself summed up his ambition.

At Founders' Day services I made it a practice to have the congregation sing "For All the Saints, Who from Their Labors Rest." One day after her husband's death Mrs. Robertson was present at the front of the auditorium. I noticed she quit singing during the hymn and sat with a beatific smile on her face. Afterward she came to me and said, "That was one of my father's favorite hymns and also a favorite of my husband; always sing it on Founders' Day."

7. Dr. Carver

Dr. Carver meant a great deal to me from my boyhood days, and my admiration and love for him never wavered. He was the last link with the founders of the Seminary, and I am only too sorry that I did not record some of the things he told me.

He it was who put his hand on my head when I was just a boy and said, "Son, I hope you will be a preacher." Also, my first year in the Seminary he gave me the position as gymnasium director, without which I would have starved. Many times he asked me to Sunday dinner, and with his children I had many musical Sunday afternoons, with Ruth at the piano and James with his violin. I sang at Ruth's marriage to Norfleet Gardner, my college mate. Dr. Carver's home has through the years been a haven of enjoyment.

Dr. Carver was considered a liberal by many in the Convention. It was not that he was a modernist, but that he saw so many instances of failure on the part of the Convention to "stay by" the gospel. He once remarked to me that the Southern Baptist Convention needed to be told many things, but that he did not want to be a martyr.

He was my Greek teacher my first year; it was then called "Junior Greek," in fact, "second year" Greek. If I remember correctly, W. T. Halstead stood first at the end of the year, and I stood second—the same position my father had when

he studied under Dr. Carver. Dr. Carver insisted that we learn Greek, and he did not want to waste his time if we were not prepared. One day three students failed to give a correct answer to a question of his. He closed his book, paused for a long time, then said, "Young men, when you are willing to study your lesson, I will return." He picked up the book, rose, and walked from the room. As he evidently expected, we were all prepared for the next lesson, and he was present.

Dr. Carver had the knack for asking what we thought to be ambiguous questions on examinations. There was a continual line of men going to his desk during the exam, asking for light on the questions. We attributed this skill to his philosophical mind and to our stupidity. He did his best to make a scholar of me, even used me as his fellow in Missions one year, but to no avail; I had become too interested in music.

Once he called me to his office and asked if I had heard any students complaining about his teaching, saying one had come to him. I told him that I had not. Then he said, "You know, a church wants to call me as pastor, and I don't have to stay here." Many Seminary professors at times have felt the same way. In my early days I sometimes felt that way. Pastors know the same frustration. A colleague only recently told me that no one appreciated him around the Seminary. When I asked him if he meant the faculty and administration, he said he was talking of the students. They never expressed to him, one way or the other, anything about his teaching. I know what he meant.

Times have changed. Twenty years ago classes often would give rather expensive presents to the professors at the end of the year. It is frustrating at the end of a semester to have students walk out of the classroom without saying a word to you, even though you have done your best for them. The students will experience such later as pastors; they preach their hearts out, and no one says either "bravo" or

"boo." This lack of appreciation is something to which professor and preacher must adapt themselves. No one wants to be flattered until he doesn't recognize it as flattery, but all of us react favorably to genuine appreciation. Rather than feel sorry for the pastor, though, I pity his congregation, the members of which sit like dumb oxen, insensitive to the message from a man's heart.

More than ten years ago another faculty member told me, "If I did not know God had called me here, I would not stay here ten minutes." In my later years I have had more than enough appreciation by students to keep my hatband expanded (I'm sure you have noticed it).

Dr. Carver, lecturing on his favorite epistle, Ephesians, said: "One writes only a little of what he is thinking. Paul could not put down all he was thinking." (Many do not know what Paul meant by some things he did write.) Dr. Carver's mind was ever at work. While he was writing his memoirs, Dr. Carver arrived for chapel service a little early and sat down beside Herbert Woodyard, who states: "He appeared very much engrossed in his thoughts when all at once in a quiet but deliberate voice he quoted these words from a hymn, 'Work, for the night is coming—Give ev'ry flying minute something to keep in store.' Whereupon he rose from his seat and walked directly out of the auditorium."

I have often quoted Dr. Carver's reply to a student who asked him if he thought a trip to the Holy Land would be worth the expense for him. Dr. Carver replied, "It will if you keep your mouth shut about it when you come back."

A prominent evangelist, speaking in chapel on Broadway, was dramatically describing the actions of Samson at the gristmill by running across the chapel platform, then down around the front, and up over again. He kept this up, slowing his pace each time until we could feel the strain and weariness of Samson's muscles. Just before he slowed to a dead

stop, Dr. Carver, who was presiding, said, "All right, Brother ———, it's time to take out." Such was not Dr. Carver's idea of preaching.

Dr. Carver expressed to me more than once his desire for someone to write a good musical setting for Psalm 24. A shaped-note music student also must have heard him express this desire, for he came to me with a setting (shaped notes), wanting me to help him. I tried, but we never produced anything.

Recently at the Canary Cottage Restaurant I was introduced by E. F. Estes to a Mr. Crutcher, who asked if I was *the* Inman Johnson. When I accepted the indistinction, he said, "One night years ago I called Dr. Carver long after midnight and asked him the whereabouts of my daughter. He told me to go back to bed and to sleep; my daughter was out possum hunting with Prof Johnson and Claud Bowen."

On the way to the Des Moines Student Volunteer Convention, about 1920, Dr. Carver was carrying his final examinations papers in Missions. As he was grading these papers, he handed one to a girl across the aisle and said: "Here is the paper of one of our Virginia men. Grade it as you see fit." She gave him the lowest grade the boy had ever received, but later she married him.

W. O. Vaught needed a map on a Sunday for his Training Union lesson. He went to see if he could borrow one from Dr. Carver, who was not to be found in his office. Vaught remembered a map in Dr. Carver's classroom and took it with him, thinking he would return it before another class period. However, he forgot to bring it in from the country, and Dr. Carver missed it immediately. Dr. Carver asked if anyone had taken it. Vaught, shaking with fear, kept quiet, but went up after class to explain that he had taken it and forgotten to return it. Dr. Carver went into a lecture on the delinquencies

of students, finally saying to him, "Go get my map." Vaught drove eighty miles into the country that night to get the map.

A student was expelled from the Seminary for cheating on an examination. He confessed his guilt to the faculty and then to the student body at a midday meal. Some students prepared a petition to the faculty, saying that since the sinner had confessed his guilt and repented, he should be given a second chance and readmitted to classes. The next day during dinner Dr. Carver entered the dining room through the center door, and, standing near the chairman's table, he waited until the men became quiet. Then he said, "Young gentlemen, the faculty does not need your help in running the Seminary." He turned and walked out.

Dr. Carver was asking his class to name the mission stations in certain countries and list the missionaries at each place. He said to Duke McCall, "Brother McCall, run down the coast of Africa." Duke hesitated, then said, "Doctor, I do not believe I can run that far this morning," and sat down. Dr. Carver said nothing to him and called on another student. (If you ask me, Duke came out easy.)

One of our now prominent pastors was just about to enter Dr. Carver's classroom when another student asked him if he was ready for the test. He said, "No, I did not know we were to have one." The doors were open, and Dr. Carver had seen him; he could not back out. After calling the roll, Dr. Carver asked this student to lead in prayer. He prayed long and fervently, taking up as much time as possible, and concluded the prayer with these words, "And, Lord, help Dr. Carver to give us a good lecture!" Dr. Carver opened his book and began to lecture. (The prayer of a righteous man avails much when it rises from the depths of his heart.)

After a concert by the Radio Chorus, Dr. Carver approached Peyton Thurman, one of the singers, and said,

"Peyton, I do not know whether or not you can sing, but I sure enjoy seeing you try."

Mrs. Carver has been a delight through all the years. Her wit and plain-spoken objectivity are wonderful. And, marvelous to say, she still thinks I can sing, at my age.

8. Big Doc

William Hersey Davis, while not one of my teachers, was my friend for many years. When I was a freshman in Richmond College, he was studying for a Master's degree. He was a "big man on campus," and I was much in awe of him, as were most students when they first entered his classes.

His physical toughness was evidenced when he played three quarters of a football game with one ear torn half off. His brilliance of mind was shown when his roommate threw his thesis in the fire, inadvertently, two weeks before it was due in and immediately William Hersey rewrote it from memory.

At the Seminary he became known as "Big Doc." His mind, heart, and body were big. As happens to many professors, only his mind was known to many students, and they thought him unapproachable personally. Those who did come to know him intimately, such as his graduate students, knew the greatness of his heart.

His graduate students were "my boys," and he seldom let one fail the doctoral examination. Should another examining professor confuse the student, Big Doc would go to bat, answer the questions, and straighten out the other professor.

During the school year he took little physical exercise beyond bending over to tie his shoelaces, but his mind was always at work. He was an omnivorous reader and seemed able

to recall whatever he had read. Syd Stealey developed a complex over Big Doc's memory, and one day as we drove out to the Whirligig in St. Matthews, where we were to meet Davis for lunch, Syd said: "I have never been able to ask Davis a question he could not answer. Watch me catch him today." During lunch Syd asked Doc about a new breed of chickens he had happened to read about. Doc said, "Sure, that's a cross between the Silver and the White Wyandottes." Syd said, "Is there anything you do not know?"

Incoming students heard so much about the gruffness of Big Doc that they went to their first class scared half out of their wits. One year in the second week of New Testament a student became so frightened that he was only stuttering. Dr. Davis rose from his chair, walked down to the student, and gently said, "Son, did you study this lesson?" The student replied, "Yes, sir." "How much did you study the lesson?" queried Davis. "About two hours," "Then," said Dr. Davis, "you ought to know something about it. You need not be afraid of me. I am not half as bad as these second-year students make me out to be. Now, you just tell me anything you know about this lesson." The student collected himself and made a fair recitation.

It was the first day of New Testament 31 in September, 1940. Dr. Davis was feeling good, as with vivid language, scowls, and growls he described conditions during the inter-biblical period—how blood streamed as a brother hacked to pieces another brother holding to the horn of the altar and crying for mercy. The members of the class thought they were listening to a horror story. Suddenly the professor stopped, looked at the roll, and called the name of a trembling student, who today is a Seminary professor himself.

The professor said, "Brother ———, things were in a bad state of affairs, were they not?" The frightened country boy swallowed hard and said, "Yes, sir, it looks that way." Dr.

Davis roared, "It looks that way?" and took off on an even more vivid description of the times. While the freshman longed to have perished in those days, thunder rolled and lightning flashed. At length Dr. Davis stated: "Brother sheds brother's blood in the Temple, fighting over the priesthood, and you tell me it looks bad. I say unto you, not only does it look bad, it was bad, IT WAS BAD!" The freshman feebly remarked, "Yes, sir, Doctor, it WAS bad."

Bob Herndon, who said he "spread his course out" because he had to work for a living, was here so long that he began to greet new students in the fall with "I knew your father when he was here." One day Dr. Davis said, "Brother Herndon, what is a furlong?" Bob stood, looked toward the northeast corner of the ceiling, and mused aloud, "A furlong." The professor said, "Yes, sir, Brother Herndon, a furlong." Bob changed his position and looked at the southeast corner of the ceiling for a moment. Then looking at the professor, he said, "Doctor, I'm not that fur long."

Davis said to me one day, "Did you know that your Music class is the most important class in the Seminary curriculum?" As I did not know what he was up to, I said nothing. Then he said: "A Cuban student told me today that, due to a schedule conflict between Music and Greek, he was dropping Greek and taking Music. When I asked for his reason, he said that he did not know whether they would speak Greek in heaven or not, but that he knew he would have to sing."

When I told Big Doc of a colored preacher who announced as his sermon subject "Paul's Bad Breath" and took for his text "And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter," he quipped, "Pharisaical halitosis."

Senior Greek class was struggling with Tischendorf. Dr. Davis called on "Foots" Woodson to lead in prayer. The sum total of his prayer was, "O Lord, help us to get this Greek. Amen."

For about fifteen summers Dr. Davis lectured at the Mountain Preachers' School held at Mars Hill College in North Carolina. It was a great joy to him to be able to work with those uneducated preachers. He won their confidence, he loved them, and they loved him. If they had read many of the things he told them, he would have been hung in effigy as a heretic, but they knew he was a Christian and had confidence in his word. I was there two summers and heard him lecture on Hebrews one morning. In the midst of the lecture an elderly man stood and said, "Doc, is what you are telling us the truth?" Dr. Davis replied: "I am not telling you. The writer of Hebrews is telling you; look at it. There it is; read it." The preacher read it and then said, "Say, Doc, that looks like it is right, but it ruins a lot of my sermons."

This happened to me that same summer. I was giving a class in both Music and Speech. Music came first, and not many fellows came. Later I learned the reason. The last man to lecture on music had criticized them severely for the type of music they were using in their churches, and the preachers had told M. A. Huggins not to have another "educated" musician. Hence, at the second meeting I began to talk about good church music and told them that "any church music used in a service which raised the spiritual level of the congregation, edified the saints, and aided in saving the lost was GOOD church music." Class attendance suddenly increased, and in a couple of days men were putting their arms around my shoulder and asking if I would help them improve their music.

I asked them what they used in their services. Someone went out to a country church and brought in a much used songbook. The only song in it which I knew was "The Lily of the Valley." That evening in the lobby of the dormitory I asked them to sing it. They sang lustily at a fast pace and with a decided "oomph-pah." When they had finished. I

asked them to listen to me sing it. I interpreted the text, phrase by phrase, changing dynamics, and when I had finished, they said, "That makes a different song of it; we never heard it sung that way before."

During the session of 1938–39 the most famous water fight in Seminary history took place on the second floor of Manly Hall, in the wee hours of a morning. The fight lasted for better than an hour, and one might say it was a hot fight, for hot water was being thrown from buckets and wastebaskets. Someone turned on a fire hose, and water began to stream down the stairs and out the front door. The din aroused Mr. Bullard, the superintendent, who rushed over, stopped the fight, lectured the boys, and told them to go to bed.

In the meantime someone had telephoned Dr. Davis, who was faculty chairman of the dormitories. He arrived before all were asleep and with a great shout called them from their rooms. Then in a quiet voice he interrogated them as to what had happened and obtained confessions from them. He did not rebuke them but finally said, "I will meet all of you at nine o'clock tomorrow morning in Dr. Sampey's office." Then with a grin on his face, he said, "I'll bet you boys had a good time, didn't you?" He turned and left the building. (If you are curious as to the men who met in Dr. Sampey's office, write Bill Link.)

Dr. Davis caught on to a trick of some of the graduate students. They would stand at the door of the old chapel, waiting to see who ascended the platform to speak, and if they did not want to hear him, would turn and leave. Big Doc would wait down the hall, and if they turned to leave, he would meet them and say, "All right, boys, let's go sit up front."

When a man was unprepared for recitation in class, it was expected that he would write out the reason and put it on the professor's desk beforehand. Once Dr. Davis, having read

several excuses on the desk, lifted his head and said, "Only one of you men has a legitimate excuse; I will excuse Brother Carl Bates today." Here is what Carl had written: "I married a wife last night."

To a student in Greek Dr. Davis said, "Why is the accent in this Greek word always on the antepenult?" The man seemed to be thinking for a moment, then said, "I do not know, Doctor, unless it was just an old Greek custom."

To Theron Price Dr. Davis said: "Brother Price, John was baptizing near Enon. Where was Enon?" Brother Price replied, "It is not known just where Enon was, Doctor." Davis grinned and replied, "That may be so, but I suspect some of us know closer than others."

In the spring of 1946 the Allied Nations were holding the Nuremberg War Trials in Germany, and the name of Justice Robert Jackson was constantly in the news. In Senior Greek Dr. Davis called the name "Robert Jackson." Robert stood. Davis looked at him overlong and said, "Are you related to Justice Jackson?" Robert was too frightened to reply immediately, and the professor repeated more loudly, "Well, are you related to Justice Robert Jackson?" In the midst of his terror Robert had an inspiration and said: "No, sir, I am not related, nor do we have anything in common. You see, over there he is doing the prosecuting, while here I am being prosecuted." The class roared approval while Dr. Davis sat stunned. Then picking up his book, he walked to Robert and extended it to him, saying, "Sir, you ask ME the questions today, and I will give you what grade I make." Robert was too rattled to ask the questions; he tells me, however, that Dr. Davis ever afterward had a twinkle in his eye when he met him.

When Big Doc graduated from a Model A Ford to a Pontiac Eight, I asked why he needed such a big car. He replied, "I need it to get over those mountains in North Carolina."

I said: "Pshaw! You have been over every one of those hills in a Model T; you just want to be a sport."

Big Doc's fame as a growler was quite widespread in the Seminary. But what usually became known only to a few was that his feelings were just under the surface and very tender.

This became evident to one entire class. When he was called away to the burial of a much beloved brother, the class sent flowers and a telegram. Upon his return to the class the proceedings went as usual, with a prayer mumbled unintelligibly, but surely heard by the Almighty. Then instead of calling for a recitation, the gruff teacher cleared his throat, struggled to say something, and wiped his eyes with his handkerchief; no class had seen this happen. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, speaking hesitantly, "I can not well express to you how much I appreciate your thoughtfulness during my brother's illness and death. The message comforted my heart, and the flowers were sweet with the fragrance of your sympathy. I shall long remember your Christian concern. It reminded me of God. In fact, it is my studied conviction that, other than the revelation of himself in Jesus Christ, the truest evidence of God's character comes to us when we are in distress and his children manifest his spirit and understanding. I thank you. Mrs. Davis thanks you. Bill, my son, thanks you."

Then, with something that sounded like a lion's roar, he sounded off in his habitual tone, "Mr. Hightower, how did the Galilean ministry begin?" The class settled down, waiting for the battle of wits between this aggressive teacher and the unsure student. All knew that they had seen beneath a shell, that there was softness and gentleness and appreciation of every consideration.

9. Here and Hearabout

Dr. W. C. James, who preached my ordination service, gave me this story last year, shortly before his death. At a meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention in the First Baptist Church, Richmond, Virginia, in 1888, it was proposed that a Sunday School and Bible Board be established in the South. The discussion became warm, and acrimonious words were used, some leading Baptists being in favor of the motion, while others were opposed.

There were present four or five of the Northern Baptist editors, and while they took no part in the discussion, they were much interested in it. Dr. J. B. Hawthorne was speaking in behalf of a new board, when, in the course of his remarks, he referred to the attitude of Northern Baptists as "a piece of pious impertinence." Quick as a trigger Dr. James P. Boyce, president of the Convention and president of Southern Seminary, banged his gavel and announced that such remarks were out of order. Dr. Hawthorne sat down.

This story made the rounds during my student days. Dr. Broadus had told his class in Homiletics that to be a successful preacher one must accomplish three things. First, one must soothe the people; second, one must move the people; third, one must satisfy the people. Shortly afterward a student announced to him that he had qualified as a "successful preacher," saying: "Doctor, I had a good day yesterday. I

had not preached long before several persons fell asleep—I soothed the people; a little later a man and woman, followed by three children, left the building—I moved the people; when the service was over and all the people had left, no one had asked me to come back—I concluded that I had satisfied the people."

Some church members are able to discover something about their pastor to please them. Wilfred Tyler returned to the New Salem Church in Nelson County for Homecoming Day. One of the elderly women threw her arms around him and said, "Brother Tyler, I am so glad to see you. The Lord knows you could not preach, but you did more visiting than any pastor we ever had."

Dale Moody, rushing into Theology class late, announced, "I am the fellow this morning; I will lecture for the professor." A visitor in the class remarked at the close of the lecture, "That young man has a future before him."

After hearing Dale give a fine address, I told my wife, "Dale Moody is a whangdoodle." Elizabeth said, "What is a whangdoodle?" I was at a loss to explain, but Mr. Webster came to my aid, "Whangdoodle: an imaginary creature, of undefined character;—applied also to persons."

Sunday bulletins at times announce strange and humorous things. Fred Laughon supplied for Garis Long at Grace Church in Richmond, Virginia. I sincerely hope the bulletin indicated the truth:

Guest Preacher Rev. Fred Laughon
"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good."

An evening service of the Crescent Hill Church in Louisville included:

Sermon Subject: You Marry Tomorrow
Invitation Hymn: O Why Not Tonight?

This may be apocryphal, but one man insists that his bulletin board in front of the church read:

Sermon Subject
HELL
Hear our Pastor

Another bulletin board omitted only one letter, but observe the result:

Evening Service
Cantata "Immorality"
Directed by Mrs. ———

One of our professors had decided that a student in Hebrew would have to be flunked, but being of a tender heart, he went to the student's apartment in Rice Hall. There he discovered the student's wife ill in bed, having been so most of the quarter. She told him that her husband was in the basement, doing the family wash. The professor went to the basement and found the student wringing out clothes by hand, but bending over a Hebrew book propped on a shelf in front of him. (The student passed the course.)

Every preacher under thirty should consider this: A mountain woman absented herself from the Sunday services shortly after the new pastor, a young man, arrived. After several Sundays had passed, he went to see her, inquiring why she had quit coming to church. She looked at him from the corner of her eye and replied, "Young man, you ain't old enough to have sinned enough, to have repented enough, to know what you are preaching about."

Dr. Ed McDowell was crossing the campus, followed by his five-year-old daughter. A student wag remarked, "There goes Doc, with his little iota subscript right behind."

Dr. McDowell asked Bob Herndon to correct a Greek word on the blackboard. Bob walked to the board, eyed the word

from first one side and then the other, and said, "Doctor, I believe this iota subscript is a little bit too long."

Out of the mouths of the young: Mike McCall, age six, heard his mother discussing a missionary who was coming to dinner. Mike said, "Mother, don't invite that missionary here; we are all Christians."

Mike, age seven, seemed to have become a financial wizard, and I asked him where he obtained so much money. He replied, "Mother gives me a dime to go out in the yard and stay all morning. Then if I go over to the Graves for dinner and stay out all afternoon, she gives me a dollar."

By summer of that year Mike was developing the social graces. Sitting by an elderly lady, Mrs. Minor, at a tea party in her cottage in Canada, Mike said, "How do you like tea, Mrs. Minor?" She replied, "Just fine, thank you." Mike said, "Well, as a matter of fact, I'm just an old tea drinker myself."

Clyde Francisco announced at the dinner table, "I have become a full professor." His son immediately said, "Full of what?"

On the other hand, when Theron Price was made a full professor, his son said to him, "I hear you have been made a whole professor."

Bill Heard says that in his education for the business world he had missed out on the millennium, despite the fact that his father was a preacher. Just before leaving home for the Seminary, another preacher said to him: "You be careful what you listen to up there. They do not teach everything according to the Bible. The Bible is premillennial, and those teachers are postmillennial." Bill promised to be careful, but determined to discover the difference between pre- and post.

Soon after arrival at the Seminary he went to a theology professor about the subject which was still worrying him. Bill confessed his ignorance and asked for light on the millen-

nium. The professor's answer cheered him: "Do you mean to say your father is a preacher and you do not know whether he is a pre- or a post? If so, you have a lot to be thankful for. Go back to your room, get on your knees, and thank God for what you have been spared."

A young Baptist preacher, having consented to preach in a Presbyterian church, was asked to wear a robe into the pulpit. At dinner with a family afterward he was asked, "How do you like wearing a robe to preach?" He replied, "Very well, but trousers are warmer."

Henlee Barnette's text in a chapel service was, "Now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face." He uttered these pious remarks: "Some preachers think they know everything. I do not know everything. Some preachers think they know all about heaven; they even think they know all about hell. Someday we will all know."

Bill Denham's prayer in a worship service evidences the true Christian spirit: "And Lord, bless all those who are sick of our church."

A local pastor was flabbergasted in an evening service when he discovered several Seminary professors in his audience as he began to preach. He did not learn the reason for smiles upon the faces of his audience until after the service. He had preached on the subject "Nicodemus Up a Sycamore Tree."

During the Billy Graham campaign in Louisville an Episcopalian woman asked her rector to put a notice of the meetings in their Sunday bulletin. The rector pronounced the name "Dr. William Graham." She said, "No, Billy Graham." The rector replied: "Dr. William Graham. I dislike nicknames." (That is the way it appeared.)

Miss Olive Bagby, of King and Queen County, Virginia, a former missionary, was asked by my wife if she knew the Walkers, with whom I had lived the winter I taught school

in Middlesex County. Olive said, "Are they Baptists?" Elizabeth said, "I do not believe so." Olive said, "Well, then, I would not know them." (Virginia Tidewater Baptists speak only to Tidewater Baptists.)

Some preachers brag about a record of having someone join their church every Sunday for a long period. One day I was in the service of such a pastor. It was the evening service; no one had presented himself at the morning service. The invitation hymn was being repeated for the third time while the pastor pled—even mentioned his record—when a little old lady started from the rear of the auditorium. The pastor met her halfway up the aisle. She came by letter.

It was the regular turn for Ellis Fuller, Jr., to say grace. It was Saturday night, and only one dish was on the table. The prayer: "Lord, forgive us for this meal."

During student days Frank Owen drove his car to his church field in western Kentucky, accompanied by a fellow student who made his Missionary Day report look good by distributing tracts. The tracts were laid out in order on the front seat between them. Frank drove at about sixty mph, and when a hitchhiker would appear in the distance, the tract distributor would collect a number, and as they went by, would fling them out the window at the fellow waving his thumb. Probably he waved his fist after them at this evidence of the Christian life. (I have wondered about the effectiveness of such a ministry. It reminds me of a story told by my brother-in-law, Garland Cox, who asked his colored janitor how he liked his pastor. The janitor replied: "I'm off him for good. We took up a collection to buy him some new tires, and the other afternoon as I was walking home very tired, he drove past me, tooted his horn, and yelled, 'Hi! Sam.'")

One of Jim Brewer's boys was struggling with a call to the ministry, and said to a younger brother, "I am not good

enough to be a preacher." His brother said: "Not good enough? Look at daddy."

It was told me that Syd Stealey opened his first class with this remark: "Boys, I am not too much of a teacher, and I am often mean, but you have got to love me. If you don't, you will go to hell, because love is required of everyone in the kingdom."

Elmo Scoggin has refreshed my memory on this incident. Around 1945 Elmo, Leo Green, and Heber Peacock on a warm day in January were smitten with fishing fever. They sought licenses in St. Matthews, but there were none to be had. At the last place they tried the fellow told them to go ahead fishing; he would have licenses the next week.

They naïvely proceeded to Harrod's Creek, and had just wet their lines when a stranger walked up, asking to see their licenses. They tried to explain what had happened; they would buy them next week. The warden's answer was that, having no license, they should have stayed at home. He summoned them to court on the following Monday. Sitting in the prisoner's dock on Monday, they finally heard, "Scoggin, Peacock, and Green versus the state of Kentucky—violation of the game protection law." The judge asked, "Guilty or not guilty?" All three replied, "Guilty" and started to explain. However, the judge broke in, "$30.50." They paid. Peacock had a check from his church for $30.00. He borrowed .50 from Scoggin. All left the court broke, but their sins were paid for in full, so they thought. The newspapers played up the story, and friends have enjoyed it whenever related.

A few days later Leo Green appeared in his classroom wearing fishing clothes and carrying his rod and tackle box.

A certain preacher desired that his congregation consider him a man of much prayer. Hence, as he mounted the platform before each preaching service, he would stop on the top step and carefully dust off his knees.

In a faculty meeting Edge said, "I am hearing two things." Price immediately said, "Well, you have two ears."

Nat Parker, from the piney woods of south Mississippi, went immediately from the Seminary to McMaster University to teach Old Testament and Hebrew. (He is now head of McMaster Divinity College, Hamilton, Ontario.) Soon after arriving in Canada, he was asked to preach in a fashionable Toronto church and was told he should wear a cutaway coat and striped trousers. He went to a tailor, who made the outfit for him. Afterward he wrote me, "When I stepped out on the platform in that outfit, I felt exactly like a country mule in a town livery stable."

Reminiscent of a TV show, this appeared on the Mullins Hall bulletin board: "Have Bible, will babble."

Ed French, introducing Theron Price to his congregation, said: "I am glad to introduce to you our preacher for the day. He is the only preacher in the Southern Baptist Convention who has a foot larger than mine."

There have been many pranksters in the dormitories of the Seminary. The roll call of such might embarrass some "big" preachers; they shall remain anonymous, lest I be sued for libel. However, it seems that the fellows who made the most noise in the dormitory twenty years ago are now making the most noise in the Convention.

These "noisy" men are basically pious, and are so considered by the members of their church fields. However, they resent any evidence of "piosity." On their church fields they are conformists; in the dormitory they go all out to be nonconformists and take delight in shocking some of their brethren by their conduct. (I rather think that the Lord allows all of us a little more latitude in our conduct than do some sections of the Southern Baptist Convention.)

This attitude of shocking the brethren, if persisted in, does not pay off. I remember a "shocker" being severely criticized

because of his speech before the Southern Baptist Convention. The next day a Seminary president said precisely the same things with a different attitude, and he received high praise.

One student secured a long rope, and, having tied the doorknobs along part of the third floor, was descending the stairs to those on the second floor when a brother stopped him and began to upbraid him for his juvenile conduct. At that moment a yelling and pounding on the door was heard above. The prankster said: "You are right; I should be ashamed of myself. You hold this end of the rope, and I will go up and untie the doors." He went up, freed the fellow who was about to tear down his door, and told him that on the stairway he had seen a fellow with a rope. The poor fellow holding the rope went to breakfast the next morning with a black eye.

Norman Price was student pastor at Clay Village in Shelby County. Claude Broach was preaching a revival, and Felix Arnold was leading the singing. One afternoon Felix came to town to sing in a wedding, and that evening at dinner in a farm home related that the bride was so beautiful that he had presented himself in line several times to kiss her. His hostess, an elderly woman, looked at him disapprovingly and said, "Brother Arnold, that kind of conduct ain't fitten nor becomin' of a minister of the gospel."

A deacon told me that a man, alongside of whom he had worked for five years, moved to another city. A year later the man wrote the deacon, asking him to become a Christian, saying that since moving he had found Christ, and it made such a difference in his life. The deacon promised himself never to be so embarrassed again.

A church in Virginia wanted to display a crèche on the lawn at Christmas. Not being able to buy the entire scene at one time, the first year they bought the cradle. The next

year they ordered the three wise men, but sent them back upon discovering one of them to be a black man.

After considerable effort on the part of the alumni office Ed French was called to a church. He did not notify the office of his call, and several months later, having heard of his address, I sent him a card with only these words on it: "Are you there? Prof." A card came by return mail with this reply: "Yeah. Ed."

Note to students with high-powered automobiles: For a number of years Model T Fords carried the gospel all over Kentucky and southern Indiana. One carried pliers, baling wire, a jack, tire-patching material, a pump, and a shovel. (The only time I have collected insurance for something stolen from a car was at a revival meeting—a Kodak was stolen from a Model T.)

Jim Wilkinson reports that during a tense and heated discussion at a meeting of the executive committee of the Georgia Convention the chairman suddenly asked Jim to lead in a prayer for peace. Here is Jim's prayer *in toto:* "We thank Thee, Lord, that the folks back home do not know how we are acting. Amen."

This may have originated with Will Rogers, but I have heard it on several preachers. In the midst of a show of tempers in a pastors' conference a pastor was called on to lead in prayer, but he asked to be excused. When someone questioned him later about his reason, his reply was, "I did not want the Lord to know I was with a bunch like that."

Maurice Trimmer followed in a large and well-known church a young and popular pastor who had died on the field. Whatever Maurice did could not compare with the former young pastor, and all too many of the members made this clear to him. He stood it as long as he could, but finally one morning in stentorian tones he announced his subject

for the sermon, "Moses Is Dead." A deacon said after the service, "Pastor, I get your point."

Carlyle Marney took Jim Middleton's education man away from him. Jim then attempted to secure Carlyle's minister of music. Carlyle sent Jim this telegram: "Leave my music man alone. He is an alcoholic, and I am trying to help him."

Theron Price, from the wilds of Magazine, Arkansas, chose as the subject of his first practice sermon in homiletics "The Love of God." The preaching which Theron had heard up to that time was largely physical, and he was adept at imitation. He stomped the floor, pounded the desk, and, with clenched fist waving in the air, shouted the attributes of the love of God. When he had finished and sat down, Dr. Weatherspoon, after a long pause, said, "Well! We can all be grateful Brother Price was not preaching against sin."

In chapel September 20, 1955, Dot Nelson made this statement: "When I lived on the fourth floor of Mullins Hall, a gentleman across the hall memorized the harmony points while walking back and forth in his room. The steel plates on his shoes, pounding the concrete floor, made sounds which reverberated up and down the hall. Jim Middleton and I went to the dime store and purchased a pair of felt-soled slippers. Wrapping them as a gift, we presented them to the gentleman, saying, 'When you get on the harmony points, put these on.' That gentleman is now your president, Duke McCall, still walking soft-shod around Zion."

Some students take delight in trying to get a professor off the subject. One professor had gone far astray, discussing "practical" matters, as he thought, when a student arose in the rear of the room and began brandishing a shotgun. The professor cried out, "What are you doing?" The student replied, "I am trying to shoot that rabbit you have been chasing."

Mr. Maxey Jarman, in introducing Billy Graham to a

meeting of the Layman's Leadership Institute, told of an experience on the golf course at Augusta, Georgia. To his little Negro caddy he said, "Boy, what is your name?" The caddy replied, "Poe." Jarman said, "How do you spell it?" The boy replied, "P-O-E." "Are you any kin to Edgar Allan Poe?" "I IS Edgar Allan Poe." Jarman paused a moment and said, "Gentlemen, this IS Billy Graham."

Lily, my former cook, asked me, "Who is coming to dinner tonight?" I replied, "Allen West." Lily spoke enthusiastically, "I sure will be glad to see him; he eats more than any of your friends."

The pulpit committee of the First Baptist Church in Laurel, Mississippi, wrote, asking about Tom McKibbens. They wanted to know: "Why has he been in Roanoke, Alabama, ten years? why has he not been able to move?" I replied: "It takes a Christian and a gentleman, as well as a preacher, to stay in a situation ten years. Get him if you can." (They did.)

A preacher who was quite noisy in the pulpit and performed many gyrations, when asked why he acted so, replied, "My ordination paper states that I am 'licensed to exercise my talents' in public."

Dr. Sammons of Georgia was greatly shocked by the first sentence of a deacon's prayer in the pastor's study before service, and not relieved until the last line was spoken. The deacon's prayer was: "Lord, you know our preacher can't preach; we know our preacher can't preach; our preacher knows he can't preach—unless you help him."

For a time the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad posted in their dining cars the sign "No Tipping." Upon finishing his dinner, Dr. Ellis A. Fuller asked his waiter if folks paid any attention to the sign. The waiter replied, "Well, folks what really is anybody ignores it."

It was warm, and the classroom doors were open. A loafer

in the corridor heard Dr. Dobbins say in lecturing, "Where are you going?" From across the hall Moody's voice rose, as if in answer, "To hell."

A mountain preacher said, "The Good Book says remain in the calling in which you were called. I was ignernt when I was called, and I expect to stay ignernt till I die. Praise God, hallelujah!"

Much to the disgust of some of his friends, Billy Ball retired to bed early one night. His friends discovered a mongrel dog wandering in the foyer of Mullins Hall, and when they knew Billy to be asleep, they opened the door and pushed the dog inside the room. Sometime after midnight the occupants of that end of the hall were aroused by horrible sounds. Billy had awakened and, hearing breathing in the room, jumped out of bed, landing with both feet on the dog. No one knows which one was more scared or which one made the most noise, Billy or the dog.

Chester Quarles reports that I went with the students one Saturday evening for the street preaching in the Haymarket area. After Crumpler had preached, he asked what I thought of it. Chester says I replied, "Your sermon was good, but when you invited the people to accept Christ, why did you shake your fist at them instead of welcoming them with open hands?"

I have seen preachers open a paper and read an announcement from the pulpit without previously having seen the contents. I am too old to believe everything I hear, but this could be true. It is said that a board of deacons, weary of their pastor, wrote a resignation, folded the paper, and, handing it to the pastor just as he was ascending the platform, asked him to read the "announcement." He did not examine it before he read it aloud. Before he knew what he was doing, he had read his own resignation, and was so stunned that before he could recover it had been moved,

seconded, and passed by the congregation to accept his resignation.

An alumnus insists that I recommended him to a student pastorate by telling the committee, "I know nothing of his preaching, but he is a good quail shot."

In 1926 when the Seminary moved to Lexington Road from Fourth and Broadway the campus was named "The Beeches," because of the number of magnificent old beech trees. Within ten years many of these trees had fallen victims of old age and storms. Norton Hall became visible to passers-by on Lexington Road.

On the Upper River Road estate of Mrs. Attilla Cox I had noticed many young beeches about four feet tall. I asked Mrs. Cox if she would donate a few to the Seminary. She was very gracious and asked how many we needed. When Ed Gordon and I went for them, they were dug and bagged. Also, 250 beech sprouts had been dug for us. The young trees are now growing in front of Norton Hall. The sprouts are another story. Ed set them in the valley on the west side of the campus, and they were growing well the second year, when Ed sent Frank Stagg into the area to cut weeds with a scythe. Being familiar only with biblical tares, Frank cut down all the beech sprouts.

Mrs. Cox was a most cultured and spiritual gentlewoman. Once she made this penetrating statement to me: "I wish my pastor would stop telling me about what Christ meant to Paul and tell me what he means to himself."

It was the mother of Mrs. Attilla Cox who made it possible for me to study in Italy—Mrs. George Gaulbert. Mrs. Gaulbert said that whenever Dr. Broadus preached in the city, she went to hear him, not so much to hear him preach, but rather to hear him *read* the Scriptures. (Amen!)

10. Music, Broadcasting, Speech

In the early part of this century a man giving his full time to the music of a local church was to be found only in some of the larger Episcopal churches, as a choirmaster. The chap who dedicated his life to the Lord as a musician went into evangelistic song-leading. There were many such men, and for some it was a very lucrative vocation. After my first year in the Seminary I saw Dr. R. E. Gaines, my former mathematics professor in Richmond College, and he asked if I was going into evangelistic singing. I told him no. He said, "I don't want you to waste your life in that, for the fad will soon play out." By and large his prophecy has come true. The local church has added full-time musicians to the staff and thus reduced the need for special revival singers. In the early twenties I was offered positions as full-time music man in the Citadel Square Church of Charleston, South Carolina, and in the Southside Baptist Church of Birmingham. I already had begun to teach in the Seminary and was not sorely tempted by either offer.

My first instructor in directing music was Powell Lee, at that time a student in the Seminary and director of music at Walnut Street Church. About a half dozen of us gathered in

the chapel of old New York Hall to learn the patterns for the time signatures. I think we paid Powell twenty-five cents apiece for each lesson. That was my start, although later I studied directing at Columbia University under a Scotch choral director. Yet any efficiency I may have developed I feel has come largely through the school of experience.

After training under Lee, my first revival was in a small schoolhouse on what is now a part of Fort Knox reservation; we had twenty to forty persons present. A. C. Baker was the preacher, and we were working under the state mission board. There was not an automobile owned in the community, for one could not negotiate the roads into the area. The road was really a creekbed for a mile or so. There was only one house in the community which had screens. There was only one musical instrument in the community, and that was a squeaky reed organ, which was moved to the schoolhouse. My accompanist was a middle-aged woman who played only with one hand and two fingers on that hand, sometimes one finger. The first night Baker announced that I would sing a solo. I chose an old familiar hymn, and when I began to sing, three elderly ladies joined in with me. Two of them were sitting toward the back. Someone punched them, and they shut up. The one up front sang with me all the way through. We had a wonderful duet. I have never forgotten it, because I had to read the words from the book, yet she sang them all from memory.

A united Baptist revival, with eighteen churches co-operating in the area of Kannapolis, North Carolina, was interesting and memorable. It was a tent meeting; Ramsey Pollard was the preacher, and I led the music. Douglas Branch was the chairman of the general committee on arrangements, and the afternoon of the first Sunday evening service he was extremely nervous lest the eighteen hundred prepared seats not be filled. His fears were groundless, for the very first night

people had to stand. The committee placed the benches closer together; they added others under the tent and out from the sides; chairs were brought from the churches; and before the two weeks were over, automobiles surrounded the tent, the occupants listening via loud-speaker. It was estimated that an average of four thousand persons attended the last several nights.

A grand piano and an electric organ were played most efficiently by two young girls. A choir of two hundred was on the platform behind me, and we really had some singing. The small Broadman songbook *Revival Hymns* was used, and practically every song in it was sung. The people could sing "Heavenly Sunlight," and I began opening every service with it as a theme song. The choir and people followed my directions, and the result was wonderful. Some of the choirs in town had sung Handel's *The Messiah* at some time, and enough copies were available for our use. We used several of the choruses, and if you want an evangelistic anthem for a revival meeting, have a big choir sing "Behold the Lamb of God." At the final service on the third Sunday night the benediction was sung by the choir—the "Hallelujah" chorus from *The Messiah.* Thus a wide variety of music was used, and all of it appreciated.

The other denominations in Kannapolis saw the effects of the meeting, and two years later a union meeting of all churches was held in the new school auditorium seating more than two thousand. Again I had a fine choir and good accompanists at the organ and piano. Ralph Herring was the preacher. The crowds began to dwindle by the first Wednesday evening, and Ralph said to me, "Do you think we had better close the meeting this week?" I told him that we would have to go through the second week in order to pay expenses. I also told him that the folks were not used to his quiet, thoughtful preaching and that if he would stomp the floor,

yell at the top of his voice, and wave his arms, we would have a crowd. Can you imagine Ralph's trying such methods? We had the people the second week.

I have led the music at five Southern Baptist Conventions, I was a member of the committee which chose the hymns for *The New Baptist Hymnal,* a member of the first Music Committee of the Convention, and for the first several years a member of the faculty during Music Week at Ridgecrest. I have greatly appreciated the friendship of the early days—E. O. Sellers and Plunkett Martin of New Orleans, I. E. Reynolds of Southwestern, and B. B. McKinney of the Sunday School Board's Department of Church Music. McKinney had a great vision of what might be accomplished at Ridgecrest, and under the fine supervision of Hines Sims his dream is being realized.

Most pastors desire good music in their churches and emphasize the choirs. I am heartily in favor of the graded choir system and of fine choir music. However, I rather think the climax of church music should be congregational singing. Here it is that the person in the pew has an opportunity to express himself in worship. We speak of the "worship service," and laymen should realize that an anthem sung by the choir is meant to direct their worship; but it is difficult to worship when words are unintelligible. The music may set a mood, but the words are the active part of worship. Choir anthems may become "concert music" and entertainment; that is not their primary purpose.

Worship is active participation, and the person who does not sing the hymns is neglecting not only his opportunity but his responsibility in a worship service.

Radio station WHAS went on the air July 18, 1922. In October of that year Dr. Sampey began a series of broadcasts on the International Sunday School Lessons, and in January

of the next year we began a series on "Great Men of the Bible," and from that year to this we have had close connection with that third channel fifty thousand watt station.

In those days the station depended altogether on local talent, and the manager of WHAS was Mr. Credo Harris, son of a man influential in establishing the Seminary in Louisville. Thus he was kindly disposed toward the Seminary and used considerable talent from the campus.

For several years I took a more or less miscellaneous group of students to the station to broadcast a weekly program consisting of historical and theological comments on hymns, the singing of those hymns, and a prayer. At length, due to the time consumed in going to the station, Mr. Harris suggested that if we would pay for a telephone line to the campus, we could broadcast by remote control. I discovered the cost of the line would be thirty-five dollars per month and proposed this to Dr. Sampey. At first he hesitated. I think the winning argument was that it would be a public service to the community. His appreciation of the value of radio in that day was attested to by the fact that these were hard times and the Seminary was short of money. (I still hear the same idea.)

The outcome was that the west end of the lower floor of Whitsitt Hall was sealed off by a doorway. Three rooms were put together for a studio on the south side, and the southwest room became a control room.

This was back in the dark ages of radio. We were assigned the half-hour from 5:30 to 6:00 P.M. on Thursday of each week. Mr. Bullard, superintendent of the dining hall, made arrangements for our men to eat a late supper.

The directors of WHAS have always insisted that they desired a musical program from the Seminary rather than a preaching program. However, I finally convinced Mr. Harris that it would be good to have faculty members give a seven-

to ten-minute talk. At first the faculty received the idea enthusiastically, but no one had had experience in broadcasting, particularly in timing his speech; we ran into problems. The station demanded that the speeches be written and read, and the professor would time his paper by reading it in his office beforehand. However, I never knew how much time he would consume. Mike fright caused a man either to speed up or slow down his delivery. I was not worried about a man's cutting the time short, but did worry about his going overtime. Jim Adams once read for sixteen minutes, despite my doing a jig in front of him, pointing to the clock. The novelty soon wore off, and the professors claimed they did not have the time. So students took over the speech part of the program. Strangely enough, I had the idea that they did a better job than the faculty. They worked harder on it. Dot Nelson was our first announcer, and his "ginuwine Kintucky" pronunciations on the first program called for comments from Mrs. W. O. Carver. Allen West was assistant director and Albert Bagby our accompanist at the piano. Albert was an accomplished concert pianist, having studied both in Brazil and Paris.

WHAS, being a powerful station, was heard over a wide area. It was the day of fan mail, and letters began to come in appreciation of our program. A few commented on the speeches, but the large majority were interested in the hymns. We were using the 1926 edition of *The New Baptist Hymnal.* Many letters came asking where they could find a certain hymn which we had sung. One from the eastern tip of Long Island stated: "Though I am a Presbyterian, my Baptist grandmother used to sing that hymn when I was a child. I have looked in all the hymnals in my home. Where can I find it?" I sent her a copy. Letters came from Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario, and every state east of the Mississippi, and from South Dakota on down to west Texas. The

program was heard by Chaplain E. L. Atkins, stationed at San Diego. During the war an alumnus chaplain heard our Christmas program off the coast of New Zealand.

Requests came for catalogs of the Seminary, and we began to receive some money in the letters. A few months the income almost paid the cost of our telephone line. It is interesting to note that all the money came from north of the Mason-Dixon Line, and all said they hoped we would be able to stay on the air. No appeal was ever made on our program for money. It was a day in which religious programs were begging frantically for money "so we can stay on the air."

In the middle thirties WHAS asked us to take the responsibility of their daily early morning religious program. "Early" was the word—the program was transcribed and broadcast for about twenty years at five or five-thirty in the morning. This meant six programs a week and consumed considerable time, both on my part and on the part of the students. When the space of the studio was needed for the faculty offices, we began transcribing the singing of the chapel services for seven-and-one-half minutes. A microphone was installed on the speaker's desk. (It was the desk which had been used in Norton Hall on Broadway by Presidents Boyce, Broadus, and Mullins. It is now in use in the present studio.) A larger platform was set up in the chapel of Norton Hall and seats arranged behind the speaker's chair for a choir of students from the newly organized Music School. A grand piano was donated by the late Mr. N. B. Perkins of Williamsburg, Kentucky, and a small organ given by Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Grooms of Louisville, Kentucky, in appreciation of Dr. Edward A. McDowell, professor of New Testament.

The student body in chapel knew we were recording and co-operated in a fine way. They were alert and responded

well to direction. However, the station called one day saying that on some of the recordings talking could be heard while the hymns were being sung. I became conscious of what I had known for a long time. Most preachers sitting in the pulpit have little interest in the hymn singing, and when a visiting speaker was to be introduced by a faculty member, the two would keep up a running conversation, audible over the microphone. Many times I found myself directing with my right hand and shaking my left fist in the face of president or faculty members, sometimes to no avail.

These early morning broadcasts reached a large number of persons—farmers and city people eating breakfast or on their way to work. I was particularly happy to have my name known to the farmers. Frank Hixon and I were looking for a place to hunt in Breckinridge County. I stopped, approached a man, and said, "My name is Inman Johnson." Before I could say more, he asked, "Are you the fellow who puts on that radio program?" I acknowledged being that man. He immediately said, "You want to hunt, don't you?" (An observation not difficult to make, for I was dressed in hunting clothes.) "Hunt all you want to on my property. There are three coveys of birds within shouting distance of the house. By the way, who is that with you?" I told him he was a preacher from the Seminary. "He's not a game warden, is he?" I said no. He then said, "Come down whenever you want to, but don't bring a game warden with you." I discovered the reason for his shyness of game wardens. His Deepfreeze was full of venison, which was not exactly legal.

From the very beginning of its history WHAS has had a Sunday morning worship service, with a different denomination each Sunday in the month—Presbyterian, Baptist, Christian, and Episcopalian. The fifth Sundays were allocated to the late Rabbi Joseph Rauch, a widely beloved citizen of

Louisville and a Ph.D. graduate of the Seminary. Rabbi Rauch's annual visit as a chapel speaker was always anticipated by the student body.

At the beginning, Broadway Baptist Church had been assigned the second Sunday in each month. When Dr. Hansford Johnson resigned Broadway, Mr. Harris called, asking me to come to his office. When I arrived, he said nearly all the Baptist pastors in town had asked for that denominational period. He thought he could get out of his predicament without showing favoritism if the Seminary would become responsible for this Sunday broadcast. He asked if I thought I could get a certain professor to speak, rather than having different men. I told him that I thought the president of the Seminary, Dr. Sampey, should be the speaker. Dr. Sampey was enthusiastic.

For two years under the sponsorship of the Louisville Council of Churches I recorded a fifteen-minute devotional program given by graduate students.

For a number of years we recorded in our present studio the five-minute program, a devotional message which was broadcast over Radio station WKLO at the opening hour in the morning.

Speech 111 has been known by various names through the years—Elocution, Public Speaking, and Speech. My methods of teaching and the aims of my teaching also have changed. When I began teaching speech in 1920, college courses in public speaking were mainly a part of the English curriculum. I have seen the speech departments rise to a position of respectability and importance in colleges and universities. (With the addition of Dr. Charles McGlon at the Seminary, the department here has attained importance and respectability!)

In my time I have tried teaching everything from declama-

tion in the early days, through study of many of the college courses and textbooks, to the practice of sermons, until now I have two purposes in my teaching. First, I endeavor to give the men ease of voice production. The number of casualties in the ministry due to failures of the voice is amazing. It is probable that I have succeeded here better than in my second aim, namely, interpretation of the Scriptures orally from the pulpit. I am of the opinion that imparting a sensitivity to the artistic is much more difficult than imparting information or physical skill in use of the voice. It is not easy to arouse the imagination of students to ideas instead of words, to see pictures instead of black ink.

One is never conscious of bad voice production until his throat begins to hurt while speaking. Thus it is difficult for a student to believe me when I tell him he not only is using his voice incorrectly and not getting the best out of it, but also in future years he will have trouble. One chap was not improving and let me know that he had never had any trouble with his throat, nor did he expect to have trouble. I told him that if he did not improve his production, he would be out of the ministry within five years. His voice broke down before two years had passed, and he had to leave the active ministry.

Students sometimes say I make them overdramatize a passage in reading. They tell me, "I am not being natural." I say: "You are more natural this way than before; you just want to be habitual. You have never 'put on the dog' and you feel affected." There is a vast difference between reading naturally and reading habitually. It is amazing that preachers who read so slovenly in the pulpit are able to interpret a text intelligently. Hence the challenge:

"Let's hear you sound like a man. Get out of the Sunbeams and into the Brotherhood."

The following situations may not be understood by all

readers; you would have understood had you been present. If you do not understand, charge it to my inability to communicate.

A big fellow with a bishop front had a small voice. I asked him to take a big breath. He heaved up his chest, pulled his abdomen in—his trousers hit the floor.

I was explaining how the voice should respond to the activities of the mind when reading orally, saying it should be an automatic or unconscious response, when a student broke in, "But, Prof, I'm not conscious when I preach." I replied, "I believe you."

I was telling a man to hold his Bible in his left hand, which would make it easy to turn a page with the right hand. He asked, "What shall I do when I read from the Hebrew Bible?"

"Mr. Wells, you read the story of the creation so fast you put the Lord on a five-day week instead of letting him work six days."

Eric Clarke gave God's command "Let there be light" in a very weak tone. I said, "Clark, God must have had a better voice than that." Clark retorted, "God didn't have your finger on his Adam's apple."

A student surprised me by saying he would read the story of the "lady" of Samaria.

Teaching speech is at times discouraging, but mostly it is fun. Personal improvement and development, if any, are easily seen in a man; this is a most rewarding experience. I tell the boys that I expect them to do my preaching for me —and they are not failing to do that—so that I may feel like I am worth something in the propagation of the gospel.

There are many different symptoms of throat trouble, and practically all of them result from tension improperly placed. Tension seems to be one of the greatest enemies of mankind. It results in wars between nations, it results in split churches, it puts people in mental institutions, it causes me to miss

quail, it puts a bad slice in my golf drive, and it results in many casualties in the preaching ministry.

As in golf, proper voice production is a matter of timing or rhythm, all muscles and nerves working in co-operation. How we pick up bad habits is not definitely known, but probably many come through imitation. Teen-agers are prone to this, as well as adult preachers. It is said that some students copied the stoop and slight limp of Dr. Broadus. I have seen men copy the habit of Dr. Mullins in running his handkerchief over his lower lip. And who has not heard a vocal imitation of Dr. George W. Truett?

Speech production deals with both physical and mental tensions; however, I suspect that I often mistake just plain mental inertia for mental tensions. Physical tensions are more easily discovered and overcome. These manifest themselves in different muscles. Certainly, some muscles in the throat must be tense in tone production; otherwise one would blow out his larynx. It is a matter of tensing the correct muscles and relaxing those not needed, that is, a balance between muscles. Undue muscular tension in any part of the body—throat, arms, hands, torso, legs, or even toes—affects vocal production.

A prominent Southern Baptist speaker came to me for help. I found he was leaning over the desk with his chin stuck out, thus constricting normal action of the vocal cords. When he stood erect to speak, his trouble disappeared.

A former student wrote that doctors said he had nodes on his cords and an operation would be necessary. He wanted to come up to get my opinion. I'm no doctor, but I usually can detect nodes by listening. I had heard this man in his own auditorium, which was wide and shallow in depth, and already had recognized what might be the cause of his trouble. In order to address his audience on the far right and left he would turn his head but not his body. I suggested that he

keep his head in the same position on his shoulders, but turn the entire body toward his hearers. He took my suggestion, the so-called nodes disappeared, and he has had no more trouble.

A man who was in my class last year told me this morning that his throat was "fine and easy" after five weeks of preaching seven nights a week, but that he became tired in the solar plexus. He is not the first illustration of improper muscular balance. Some years ago a chap became so tense and tired in the calves of his legs that he had to sit down after the sermon rather than greet the people. He overcame this in class. Another had trouble because when he began to speak, even in conversation, he dropped his head over toward his left shoulder. It took him six months to break himself of the habit, but when he did, his trouble ended.

My exhibit A is known to all of you. As a student, not yet having had my class, he came to me and said: "Prof, can you help me? I have been unable to finish the evening sermon the last two Sundays; my throat shuts up on me."

I asked him to read and in a moment said: "I don't blame your throat for shutting up. If you treated me like you are treating your throat, I would shoot you." He was talking with his tongue and throat set to gargle. I found his ear was not too sensitive to tone, but he became an apt pupil, and after three years' work I was fairly well satisfied.

11. Alumni Secretary

In the fall of 1955 Cort Flint resigned his office as administrative assistant to the president, and I took over part of his duties under the title of alumni secretary. The title was made official by action of the board of trustees in the spring of 1956, and the present incumbent was duly elected by the Alumni Association at the alumni luncheon in Kansas City the same year.

The added work and energy expended have been richly rewarding, despite the fact that I have had to pay others to do work at home which I once did myself—gardening, grass-cutting, and painting. The greatest reward in life a seminary professor can have is the love of his former students, and I have greatly enjoyed all my contacts with the alumni. On the other hand, when one's heart is warm toward preachers and in his sympathy with them he wants to help in every way, it is frustrating to find some who do not share a mutual warmth. Of course, they may have legitimate reasons. I have often been astonished at the lack of enthusiasm on the part of one preacher toward the work of another preacher; hence, I console myself.

The alumni office has been responsible for promoting the state alumni organizations and assigning faculty representatives to be present at the state alumni meals; for arranging the Alumni Association meal at the Southern Baptist Con-

vention and also the programs at these meetings; for promotion of the Living Endowment Fund; and, for three years, the placement of graduates and the recommendation of alumni to churches at the request of the churches.

The state alumni organizations have been most co-operative and effective. The officers have done an enormous amount of work in promoting the annual meetings and the Living Endowment Fund. Without their assistance on the latter, the Fund would have languished. The state president usually asks for the presence at their meeting of a certain professor from the Seminary; when possible, the request is granted. And I must say to the alumni that the professors anticipate eagerly their visit to the state groups. In fact, the apostolic method of drawing lots often is used to determine who shall go where; a fellow likes to return to his native state.

The alumni gatherings at the Southern Baptist Conventions began as breakfasts. Many preachers who had been socializing late the night before failed to appear, and for most of us it was a struggle to arrive at 7 A.M. bright-eyed and alert. Fortunately, the Convention has arranged its programs so that a luncheon usually can be held without interfering with the program.

I have been asked how much the Association makes on the meals. Others tell me that the price of the meal is too high. In Houston in May, 1958, the meal cost the Association $3.00 per plate. Tickets were sold beforehand at $3.00 and in Houston at $3.25. I guaranteed to pay for 775 plates, and 840 places were set in the Crystal Ballroom of the Rice Hotel. Eventually, 23 extra places were set in the lobby just outside the ballroom. Your Association paid the hotel $2,589 for the meals, plus $25.00 for flowers. The number of complimentary tickets had been cut to a minimum; the faculty, on a rather slim expense account, paid for their meals. The result was

that we came out in the black a little under $25.00. So there should be no worry about the profit.

Having been reared in a preacher's home, having attended a Baptist preparatory school, a Baptist college, a Baptist seminary, and spent the remainder of my years thus far at the latter, I should know something about Baptist churches. However, in three years as alumni secretary of Southern Seminary, I have learned things both enheartening and discouraging.

I have learned that there are real Christians on some church pulpit committees. I have learned also that there are some very gullible persons and some tough-minded persons on pulpit committees.

I have learned that though I think I know a preacher well, I may not know the situation in the church to which I send his name. Hence, I have learned not to recommend a person to a church without reservations. You never know how a preacher will react in that situation. I have known too many preachers who did not live up to the specifications given by those who recommended them.

On the other hand, I have made a facetious remark to the effect that pulpit committees can be tremendous liars. I am pretty well convinced of this sometimes. They do not play fair with a prospective pastor, and the prospective pastor is so anxious to move that he believes everything he is told and jumps at the bait—from a fire into a frying pan. Some committees promise everything under the sun; they may have intentions honestly conceived, but they promise beyond their power. Committees have told prospective pastors that the harmony and fellowship within their congregation were wonderful, when there was in fact a distinct rift down the middle of the membership. Committees do not mention the fact that the last pastor (or several) left with broken hearts, because they were unable to heal the breach; or that there is a small

minority in the church which needles a pastor until he can stand it no longer.

I sent the name of a recent graduate to a church, which invited him down to preach a trial sermon. The young chap was full of enthusiasm on his return to the Seminary, thinking he would be called, and his mind was already made up to accept. A month passed with no word from the church. Then a letter arrived, containing these words: "Thank the Lord our church did not call that fine young man you sent down here! This is the meanest church in which I have ever worked. I would hate to see Brother ——— heartbroken here." The letter went on to say that the last three pastors had been run off by the congregation. One had been dismissed because it was discovered after two years' tenure that he had been divorced before he accepted the call and had not informed the people. (A divorced deacon in the congregation had originated the campaign to put this pastor out.) Another had been run off because he would not pay his bills.

The third pastor had been sent off because he "preached against adultery," and there were too many members who "couldn't take it." (A prophet of God is not welcome in a congregation of unconverted sinners, even though he speaks in love. A preacher whose heart breaks over the sins of his converted members has a chance to win them back to a high level of Christian living, but, whether he speaks in love or in condemnation, he only angers an unconverted sinner entrenched within a church membership.)

A brighter picture is given by a letter from the chairman of the deacons of another church to which I had sent the name of a boy who was graduating. The chap had preached one Sunday, and they had called him the next Sunday. The letter said: "Thank you for sending us such a fine young man. The congregation is delighted with him. I understand you like to fish. We have wonderful fishing here, and any time you

can come my wife and I want you to stay in our home." (There is some graft in being alumni secretary, although I haven't been able to go fishing with the deacon.) When the young preacher arrived, he found a Deepfreeze and refrigerator full of food and a garden planted with all the vegetables he would need for the summer.

I am convinced that many churches do not investigate a prospect thoroughly and that many prospective pastors do not investigate a church. One reason for this may be that both parties take each other at the face value of a Christian. Many people, bless their hearts, think that every preacher is a Christian. May the Lord prevent them from reading this book, if it brings disillusionment. Within a Christian fellowship there should be complete trust and respect. Unfortunately, trust is sometimes misplaced; many persons trust in the office of the ministry and do not learn enough about the individual.

Such disillusionment arises not only between congregations and preachers, but also between individual Christians. A money-wise deacon can in a business deal put it over easily on a trusting church member. It is much easier for a minister to preach evangelism than it is to preach Christian ethics. I tell the boys at the Seminary that it is difficult to be a preacher, a Christian, and a gentleman, all at the same time. One can be a preacher without having either of the other qualifications.

The Seminary receives requests from many churches for recommendations for pastors. Rather than commit the Seminary, I conceived the idea of having the man write his own biographical sketch, which usually is forwarded to the church without much comment. An effort has been made to fit the man to the situation. Most committeemen have had no experience in locating a pastor, and some interesting letters are received. One began with the words, "Our church is va-

cant." Most of the letters ask for a young man with energy and an interest in young people. Sometimes they ask for one who can preach. One letter said, "We need a young man who can work on a farm and loves to hunt and fish." Considering the salary offered, I suppose they expected him to make a living as a farm hand, a commercial fisherman, or a poaching hunter.

I still believe that the Lord wants a hand in calling a pastor to a church. One pastor has told me that he knew the Lord called him to his first pastorate, that he thought the Lord had a little something to do with the call to his second pastorate, but that he called himself to his third pastorate, because it was in a college town and he had children of college age. Incidentally, that was his shortest pastorate in terms of years.

A Methodist preacher said: "We have an advantage over you Baptists. We do not have pastorless churches; we can tell a man where to go." You might try to tell a Baptist church to call a certain preacher, but if you think the preacher would fit there, don't tell them in an authoritative voice. One of the things some Baptists—churches and preachers—do best is to refuse to take advice.

"God moves in a mysterious way." For this we give him thanks! Sometimes it must be for disciplinary reasons. A man graduated in February, and he had made up his mind that he would take a church only in Florida, his native state. His sketch went to a Florida church and to two churches in another state. However, the middle of May came, and no church had become interested in him. He was working in a store in the city, but was fast becoming frustrated because he could not get out in the Lord's work. He came in to tell me that he would go anywhere. He and his wife had told the Lord, "If you don't want us to go back to Florida, at least send us somewhere to work." A call came from a large American Baptist church, wanting an assistant pastor. I sent the

young man's name there; he went up the next Sunday. In the meantime I went to the Southern Baptist Convention in Kansas City. One morning my telephone aroused me at six-thirty, and a voice said, "We liked that young man you sent us very much, but we forgot to ask him if he had been divorced." He was still married to his first wife, and moved to the field the following week.

Another deep-South fellow, graduating with a Doctor's degree, was approached by an American Baptist church, which presented a challenge. He said: "I don't want to go North. How will I get back South if I don't like it up there?" While he did not try the exact tactics used by Ambrose of Milan when the people wanted to elect him bishop—that is, getting drunk—he tried arguing with the Lord and even made demands upon the church which he did not think they would consider. He dickered and waited for a call from another church. Nothing came. The Lord finally convinced him that he wanted him there, without having to prepare a whale for this modern Jonah.

The Baptist method of locating pastors for churches does present problems, both to pastors and to the churches. Many churches, when a pastor leaves them, look down the road at the next church and try to obtain their pastor. If he won't accept a call, they try to call one of their former pastors. If this doesn't work, they fall victim to a "night-riding" preacher passing through the country. In their desperation they listen to a glib tongue, call the man, and soon find themselves in trouble. Situations frequently go from bad to worse and cause more dissatisfaction.

Long before I became alumni secretary, while I was fly-fishing a creek one day, two deacons came by and asked me if I knew Brother So-and-So. When I told them that I did not, they said, "Why, he says he is coming to the Seminary and needs a church; he was out here looking for one." I said, "I

don't know him, and, furthermore, if he is recommending himself, leave him alone." They did.

Yet he went to a neighboring pastorless church, which called him without any investigation beyond his own statement of his spirituality. He soon made himself "treasurer" of the church—that is, he took all the money home with him, telling the people that he would keep a certain per cent and send the remainder to missions. He put on a high-pressure "tithing" campaign; no one knows to this day what the result was. By his personality he won a majority of the people to his side and began a persecution of those who suspected his motives. He was able to "excommunicate" an elderly woman who, a member of the church all her adult life, was confined to her bed and was to remain there until her death. The charge was that she did not attend church. I discovered that this was done to needle her son, who was a large landowner and an important member of the congregation.

This son came to see me, his heart almost broken. He said he could not stay in the church of his childhood under such a pastor. I suggested that he stick it out; the church did not belong to the pastor, and he would soon be gone. He stuck it out for a time, but did move his membership. The preacher did leave, but it required a court order to bring about his departure. And the day he left he stopped in the county seat; later the sheriff halted him some miles out and recovered some millinery goods his wife had surreptitiously removed from a store. No charge was brought; the storekeeper and the sheriff knew the situation, and he was told never to return to the county.

The alumni office hears about church troubles. The office has observed that when trouble arises between congregation and pastor, it is usually caused by personality clashes. A most common complaint of the congregation is, "Our pastor is a boss." Time and again, when in a revival meeting, I have

had persons say to me, "Our pastor is a good man, but he tries to boss us."

It is somewhat disillusioning to learn that not many Christian churches are all peace and light. However, one must consider that a goodly portion of the New Testament is written to such congregations. There are tensions in all of life's relationships. The thing that matters is: Are they resolved in a Christian or a non-Christian manner? A few preachers assume the attitude of "boss" unconsciously. They see things to be done with far more insight than the people, and they are in a hurry to get these things done. If opposition arises, they consider a little head-knocking to be in order, and they do not have to read far in Paul's letters to find a scriptural basis for their actions, so they think. There is no trouble in the Scriptures themselves; the trouble lies in those of us who read the Scriptures.

I am thankful that my pastor is not a boss, and no one in the congregation tries to boss him. Certainly, there are disagreements over policies, but my pastor quietly says, "Now, brethren, I don't yet know which way we are going, but whatever way, we are going together; let's work out some plan." There are more ways of killing a dog than by choking him on butter.

The pulpit committee from a church which had been reported to me earlier to be having trouble came to my office, seeking help in securing a pastor. I said to them: "I understand there is some meanness in your congregation. Do you want me to get you a mean preacher?" They threw up their hands, saying, "No, sir, we had one; that's the trouble with us now."

Many pastors have trouble which is not of their making. Their churches have a past history of family trouble. Important families have quarreled in years past, the breach never has healed, and they have vied with each other for control of

the pastor. If he eats dinner with one family before he visits another family, his name is mud. I sent a student's name to a church. He was called by a vote of twenty-two for and nineteen against. The people were not voting on the preacher; they were voting against themselves. Fortunately, the student accepted. He did not learn of the vote until I told him a year later, and I did not tell him until the people against him had told me that they had made a mistake and were now "crazy about him."

A pastor wrote me the outcome of a squabble in his church. Two women wanted to play the piano. Whichever one arrived at the church first immediately occupied the piano bench. They began arriving earlier and earlier, until one arrived two hours before servicetime, only to find her rival on the bench. She picked up a hymnbook and hit the bench occupant in the head. This incident had a happy ending, for when it was discovered that the book had cut the scalp of the woman and a doctor was necessary, the other became so penitent that a reconciliation was effected. (I haven't heard the result of the conflict in another church in that area—a conflict which arose over what hymnbook to use. The last I heard of the situation the one group had put a hasp and padlock on the piano to keep the other group from using it.)

Believe this or not! A student told me that in his youth he had been a member of a foot washing Baptist church. They practiced washing both feet at the service, but it consumed so much time that the congregation voted to wash only one foot. However, they split over which foot to wash, the right or the left.

Thanks to the working of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of converted people, church squabbles are unusual, but yet all too frequent. They give the unconverted world too many times at bat. It has been said that splitting a membership in anger is one method by which Southern Baptists have grown.

However, there is a much better way: Not in anger, but in love, let them send out part of the membership to another community to establish a church. This is good for both mother and daughter churches.

There have been some spectacular growths in mission churches; consequently, there is a demand on the part of students for such situations. Students say to me, "I want a place with opportunity of growth." There is a natural desire to see things accomplished, but I fear there is also the idea that a growing church may make a reputation for the preacher, may be a steppingstone to higher things. A preacher can spend all his time and energy in any situation to which the Lord calls him. A graduate of two years ago recently came to the office saying, "There isn't enough work to keep me busy on my field." I said: "That's fine. You are fortunate to have time to study and prepare youself for a larger field." He came back with, "Who would know I was studying?" "The Lord would know it, you would know it, your present congregation would know it, and any future congregation you may have will know it." It is unfortunate that so many persons apply themselves only to what has to be done. They are not able to see far enough into the years and realize that just the passing of time does not outfit them with the armor necessary to fight in larger battles.

A certain First church was establishing a mission in a prosperous area of the city; the pastor called for a suggestion of a pastor for the mission. The mother church would underwrite the salary of the mission pastor at a moderate level. I consulted with a recent graduate holding the doctor's degree, but who had not yet been called to a church beyond a student pastorate. He had financial obligations and could not accept at the salary offered.

Next I talked with a fellow who would graduate within a month with a B.D. degree. He didn't ask about any salary,

saying, "If the Lord wants me there, I will go." The Lord did want him there, and he went. Within two years the congregation has grown from one hundred to well over six hundred, a large lot has been purchased in the best residential area of the city, and plans are in hand for the first unit of a building to cost a quarter of a million dollars.

There is some truth in the statement that if a preacher wants to make a reputation for himself, let him go into an area which is growing fast in industry and population. There is still merit in the words "Go west, young man." Barry Garrett told me recently that within twenty years California will have more Baptists than does Texas. Yet someone must feed the sheep and care for the lambs of the old established churches, both the First and the Twentieth church.

The information sheet filled out by students about to graduate contains the questions "In what state do you desire to serve?" "Are you available for the Far West?" "Are you available for the Northwest?" "Are you available for the American Convention?" This last question is legitimate, for we have a large group of students from the American Convention, and nearly six hundred of our alumni are serving in that convention, with a high percentage of the administrative officers of the convention being our graduates.

The most enheartening answer, of course, is, "Wherever the Lord leads." Many put down a certain state; some indicate a general area. Comparatively few say they are willing to go to the Far West or Northwest. This, however, I do not consider blameworthy, but just a lack of the adventuresome spirit which characterizes a missionary. The student may be fearful of new customs and mores. Sometimes his wife does not want to move too far from home.

There is also the question "What minimum salary will you require?" The answers are varied. A frequent answer is, "No minimum." A few have a high regard for their capabilities

and state salaries which most men attain after several years in the pastorate. After the sketch of one such chap had gone to several churches with no result, he came in and said, "Prof, maybe I set the salary too high; knock the bottom out." The average salary for a man graduating from the Seminary with a B.D. degree is about thirty-six hundred dollars per year plus a home. If a man wants to have a high salary immediately upon leaving the Seminary, let him enter the fields of religious education or music. Only the larger churches can afford such, and they make a salary scale for the staff somewhat commensurate with the salary of the pastor.

I remember an interesting case. A fellow was called to a low-income church. They had never had a full-time pastor, and did not know what to make the salary. If they had put it at the level of the highest wage earned in the congregation, it would not have been out of line with the abilities of the preacher. However, the preacher told them to average the incomes of all the families in the congregation and set that as his salary.

A few graduating students want to serve a couple of years as an assistant pastor in a church—the intern plan. Two kinds of students desire this: one is fearful of his ability to cope with the problems of a pastorate; the other seeks to fit himself by learning the technique of a successful pastor. A recent letter from a graduate who has been an associate for two years says: "Tell all the fellows to get a place like this. My legs are growing long enough to reach the ground and I am learning how to play second fiddle." This man has profited by his experience.

When I first began work as alumni secretary, I thought it amusing to have two files, "Itching Feet" and "Broken Hearts." After three years I do not find them so amusing; at least the "Broken Hearts" file is not. There are preachers whose hearts are broken by their congregations—preachers

who have done right in the sight of the Lord, who have declared God's Word to the people, who have sought to win the people with love, yet the people have forsaken God and hardened their hearts against his prophet. Without cause they have made charges against his character, have maligned him unjustly before the community. In a recent ordination sermon I charged the church membership never to criticize the pastor before the unconverted.

It is a terrific responsibility to stand before the people and to say with authority, "Thus saith the Lord." Moses and Jeremiah complained to the Lord of their inadequacy. I feel certain that the Lord was very much put out by the excuses of Moses. Yet I think Moses had a real reason to be concerned about his call. He was to go back to a land whence he was a fugitive and might face death himself. Then again, leading out such a congregation was a new and unknown task.

Men still resist the call of the ministry. Many have told me about their experiences, but I have failed to make a study of their real reasons—whether it is the responsibility and a feeling of unfitness and unworthiness, whether it is knowledge of a certain preacher who has failed, whether it is the financial and economic status of the average pastor, or whether it is just pure cussedness sponsored by the devil.

One thing I know, and that is that it is dangerous to a man's future to turn down a call from God to be his minister to the people.

It is always with glad heart that I learn of a recent graduate who has been well received by a church congregation. Recently I introduced myself to the chairman of a former pulpit committee, to whom I had made a recommendation two years previously. I just said: "This is Mr. Johnson. How do you like your pastor?" He seemed slightly startled, and, swallowing hard, said, "You mean my preacher?" I replied affirmatively. He beat around the bush for a time, and one

might have gathered that his pastor was a failure. Then, looking me straight in the eyes, he said, "Who are you, anyway?" His face brightened with relief when I told him, and he said, "Oh, I was afraid you were a pulpit committee trying to get him away from us."

Postscript

A few years ago the Quartet of the thirties came to a pastor's conference, and the men were guests in my home. These fellows—Lucian Pinnix, Felix Arnold, Claude Broach, and Raymond Coppenger—as students gravitated together, both from a love of harmonizing and a natural congeniality. All of them studied with me, and we spent many hours together working on quartet music. Their specialty was the Negro spiritual, and some of you readers will remember "I Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" as interpreted by this group. They sang before the Southern Baptist Convention several times and at all alumni meals at the Convention so long as they were in school.

I discovered that they could still harmonize after fifteen years and put them on the conference program. They were the hit of the conference. When they departed, they left with me a book, entitled *My Health Is Better in November.* They knew my weakness, for it is a collection of bird dog stories. They knew that when things became tough at the Seminary, I literally "went to the dogs"—my bird dogs. As it once was hard on Christmas Eve, it still is difficult for me to obtain a good sleep on the night before the quail season opens.

It is evident around the Seminary when the quail season approaches, for students begin to ask me in Student Center about the health of my dogs. Quail hunting is a way of life

in the South—one might say a part of Southern culture. There is hardly an activity known to man which will more quickly and surely display a man's character. The manner in which he handles his dogs and the courtesies shown his hunting companions bring out the basic motives and attitudes of a man. If you desire to place a man in a position of responsibility in your church and are concerned about his potential for leadership, go bird hunting with him. Even some preachers do not qualify as "gentlemen and scholars" while bird hunting.

In my younger days I owned progeny of field trial winners—a grandson of Eugene's Ghost; a daughter of Mississippi Zev, National Champion; a son of Medic, All-American Chicken Champion and Western Quail Champion. As Dr. Sampey would say, "They went down the road with head up and tail over the dashboard." In other words, they hit the horizon, but I could walk all day. Now my dogs are sweethearts for an old man; they stay within sight or look me up. They are just dogs—the kind, you know, whose "mother was subject to registration." One is a little pointer female, a merry hunter and stylish on point. She will hunt "dead" as long as I command her. She will nose a dead bird and stay with it until I pick it up, but she will not take a bird in her mouth. She seldom loses a cripple; she will not pick it up, but holds it down with her nose. I have picked up birds which had the feathers worn off their backs as she pinned them down.

One year I was to represent the Seminary at the Mississippi Baptist Convention in Jackson. Dr. Hewitt, pastor of the First Church, wrote, asking me to speak for the Jackson Kiwanis Club. I had heard Fred Brown, George Truett, Roland Leavell, C. O. Johnson, and other high-powered preachers speak at service clubs, and I did not take the invitation lightly. I went to work. I worried over that speech. When the presiding officer of the club introduced me, saying that I was from the

Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, I saw the men slump in their chairs, and could almost hear them saying, "Another preacher." My speech went out the window. I rose and said: "Gentlemen, I am not going to tell you about the women in my life. I am going to talk about the dogs in my life." They sat up. I recounted my personal bird dog stories for twenty minutes and made an eighth of a column on the front page of the morning paper. Hence, if you want to hear all those stories, invite me for a revival during bird season. I have had many successful quail-hunting revivals.

I have reached the point that I am a sucker for a hunting story or even a fishing story. I believe all hunting stories, but am aware that the only time a fisherman tells the truth is when he calls another fisherman a liar.

Nat Parker and I were hunting five dogs in south Mississippi, and all five came on point in a circle. One dog was a big black-and-white pointer, so old he had lost his teeth, but he was still a bird dog. Walking up to the point, I kicked up a rabbit, which ran straight at the pointer's head. The dog's head never moved, but I saw his eyes turn in their sockets. As the rabbit drew even with him, the dog took one step and grabbed him in his mouth. With the rabbit struggling and squealing, the old dog held his point. It was a sight to behold.

One of my dogs killed a skunk and, after taking a bath in the creek, pointed a single bird ten minutes later. What a discriminating nose!

I killed a bird flying up a steep hill, and the dog brought it to me. Presently he came to me with a rabbit in his mouth. It was a cold morning, and I thought he had found a frozen rabbit. However, the rabbit was hanging down on both sides of the dog's mouth. I took it; it was warm, and fresh blood was on the fur. A bird and a rabbit at one shot! The rabbit had been enjoying a nap in his nest when the shot hit him. It

was a pure accident, since I did not mean to shoot him. Too bad that he did not live to hear me tell the story!

One of my dogs was traveling headlong across a stubble field which had frozen the night before but had thawed to the depth of an inch or less. I saw him fall, and he did not rise. My heart rose; I thought he had broken his neck. I rushed toward him, and, on drawing near, I saw his head was off the ground several inches. I walked in front of him and stirred up a covey of quail. When Speed had put on the brakes, his feet had slid from under him and he had hit the ground; but he held his point.

I could not close this chapter without mention of Midbrook Winnie Mae Freckles, a cocker spaniel sired by a three-time champion at Madison Square Garden. Many of you knew Winnie, and she knew you. At the opening of a session of the school year she would nose all trouser legs in the foyer of Mullins Hall. If you had sung in the Radio Chorus the year before, she made herself known to you; but if you had not, she passed you by. (Ask Allen West and Billy Ball.)

Winnie was the most animated and eager hunter I ever saw. When she was fifteen months old, the first time she was ever in the field I killed seven rabbits over her. She would tree squirrels; she went possum hunting one time and treed a possum. Winnie was the best single quail dog I ever saw and the best quail retriever. Several times she brought in two birds when I did not know that I had killed but one. When the big dogs pointed, I would call her, and she would walk up with me to the point, sit down, and wait until I flushed the covey. Then the single hunting was heaven to her. She stayed a few feet in front of the gun, and when that short tail really began to twitch and her speed picked up, my gun came up, waiting for the whir of feathers. She was little, but she would be hunting at the end of a day when the big dogs were worn out. She lived in the house with me, knew my habits better than

I did, and I shed tears when she died at twelve years of age.

My hat is off to the dogs I have owned and others I have fired over. Isn't it strange that a dog will love you more than some Christians who have been commanded to love you? I salute all the men with whom I have trodden the fields on an autumn day, when the air was crisp, the sun bright, the remaining leaves red, brown, and gold, and the grass crackled underfoot. A good companion and I watch eager dogs hunt the bird terrain with verve—a flash to a point, and we catch our breath; we stand in awe of beauty, animated stillness.

The pictures of the graduating classes of Southern Seminary are hanging in the corridor of Norton Hall during this Centennial Year. As I look into the faces of the men I have taught, nostalgia wells up within me; but I give thanks to God for these men and rejoice if I have added anything to their ministry of the gospel. May they continue to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen."

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TALES of classroom wit and witlessness . . . of the student antics of the now great, near great, and ne'er great . . . of professorial quips . . . of off-campus adventures and misadventures . . . laughable tales that have come from watching teachers teach would-be preachers at one of America's great seminaries, Southern Baptist Theological Seminary of Louisville, Kentucky—such is the make-up of this collection

# of parsons and profs

More than this, there is the warmly human story of one prof's experiences in teaching seminary students and working with his faculty colleagues. Five great professors receive special attention, Mullins, Sampey, Robertson, Carver, and Davis. Unifying the book are occasional glimpses into the autobiography of

INMAN ("Prof") JOHNSON

who has watched and listened while his father was a student, while he was a student, and while he has been professor of music and speech and more recently alumni secretary at Southern.

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